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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The Editors of THE BOOKMAN *cannot undertake to return rejected manuscripts, whether stamps are enclosed or not; and to this rule no exception will be made.*

We desire to call especial attention to the very interesting article contributed to the present number of THE BOOKMAN by Professor John C. Rolfe, of the University of Michigan. So much notice has been attracted of late years to dictionary-making and lexicographical methods in general, that this paper will appeal to a circle of readers not limited to those who are classical students; and they will find its narrative giving a splendid illustration of the scientific accuracy and precision of modern classical scholarship. In some of its details the mammoth lexicon whose inception and plan are described by Dr. Rolfe will be quite unique; and it will surpass the great dictionary of our own language now preparing under the direction of the English Philological Society in at least two respects—in the eminence of its editors and contributors, and in its approximate finality.

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We always study with pleasure any new points in the present *régime* of the German Empire, for there is always sure to be found on every side a delightful blend of scientific thoroughness with a most fascinating lack of humour. One item of news recently wafted across the ocean has greatly tickled our fancy. It appears that the Kaiser's military establishment has for some time included a regularly organised corps of cats, whose function it is to protect the military stores from mice. Those cats are trained in their duties by the inevitable drill-sergeant; they wear badges, receive rations and medical attendance, and draw annual pay amounting to the sum of eighteen marks per cat. Now the announcement is officially made that this corps is to be disbanded, inasmuch as Professor Löffler has discovered a species of typhus-bacillus which is fatal to mice, and whose services will in consequence be substituted for those of the cats.

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Probably no German sees anything comical in this bulletin; but to the American mind the whole thing is simply delicious. One involuntarily finds himself dwelling upon the little incidents that are implied in it. We love to picture the military cat after passing the physical examination and being mustered in, donning his badge and reporting for duty. We joyfully imagine the same cat drawing his daily rations of milk and cat's-meat; of the cat gravely saluting the *schneidig Offizier* in the barrack-yard; of the cat lining up at the paymaster's for his quarterly wages; of the cat applying for a few hours' leave of absence and riotously squandering his pay on unlimited catnip, and then failing to return to the *caserne* at roll-call; of the cat inebriated and uttering seditious yowls opposite the officers' clubs; and of the cat bedraggled, headachy and repentant, being haled at last before a court-martial for constructive desertion and *Majestätsbeleidigung*. It is all fine, wonderfully fine. But what we really want is some official information as to how much pay the typhus-bacillus is going to draw, and whether it will also wear a badge.

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The removal of Columbia University to its new site has been accomplished; and leaving out of consideration the delays for which the university authorities were not responsible, it has been

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accomplished with remarkable celerity and smoothness. It will not be many months before this will be one of the great show places of the city, both because of the external impressiveness of the whole mass of buildings, and because of the remarkable perfection and completeness of the appliances for academic work that are to be seen even in the minutest details of the installation. While the buildings were still incomplete a good deal of criticism was bestowed on the incongruity, from an architectural point of view, that was found in the sharp contrast presented between the strictly classical style of the great library and the severely modern, not to say utilitarian, aspect of the surrounding halls. Some one epigrammatically described the whole as "four factories facing a mausoleum;" but now that the effect of the combination can be seen, one is more conscious of a happy combination of the useful with the beautiful than of their contrasts. The noble library, indeed, with its thoroughly imposing approach, so dominates the whole as to give an *ensemble* of exceeding magnificence; and when the brick halls shall have clothed themselves with ivy, there will be nothing to mar the harmonious effect of what is undoubtedly one of the most admirably housed and equipped universities of the world.

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Scribner's Magazine offers a tempting array of good things in its programme for 1898. A leading feature will be the appearance during the year of "The Story of the Revolution," by Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, in which the author of *The Life of Washington* will endeavour to present the fight for American independence as a vivid picture of a vital struggle, reproducing the atmosphere and feeling of the time, and to make clear the historical significance and proportion of the events described, as they can now be discerned with the perspective of years. Interesting pictorial effects may be expected from the fact that a corps of artists started out last summer to sketch the historic scenes, which will be reproduced to accompany Mr. Lodge's work. Mr. Howard Pyle will also prepare a full-page drawing for each instalment of the story. Another feature of decided interest will be a series of articles on "The American Navy in the Revolution," by Captain A. T. Mahan, dealing largely with the romantic side of our sea fighting. These papers will be illustrated on the same plan. Mr. Walter A. Wyckoff will continue his series on "The Workers—an Experiment in Reality," which has stirred up a great deal of interest already; there will be political reminiscences by Senator Hoar, "Search-Light Letters," by Robert Grant, more about the conduct of great businesses, and life at girls' colleges. Bits of Europe in America will be described by Octave Thanet, Cornelia Atwood Pratt, and Elia W. Peattie, and short stories will be contributed by Rudyard Kipling, Kenneth Grahame, George W. Cable, and other well-known writers of the best short stories.

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The announcement which has especial interest for us, however, we propose to keep for a separate note. The serial in fiction for the year in *Scribner's* will be from the pen of the author of *Marse Chan* and *Meh Lady*. Thomas Nelson Page has written his first long novel, entitled *Red Rock*—"A Chronicle of Reconstruction." It is a story of the era when the Old South had been lost forever and the New South had not yet found itself. Mr. Page has devoted four years to this work, which he may be pardoned for considering his best. It has been matter of regret often that Mr. Page has remained so long silent, but the fruits of that silence are now about to be made evident.

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We have just read the advance sheets of a story of the old South during the war, which has made us reverse the opinion that Mr. Thomas Nelson Page had given us the last word on the subject from the "darkey's" point of view. Not since *Marse Chan* and *Meh Lady* took American readers by storm have we had in the literature of the South anything so searching, so pathetic, so picturesque, so impregnated with the homely humour and raciness of the soil. Like Mr. Page's stories, *Brokenburne* has that touch of human nature which makes the whole world kin, breaking through the barriers of dialect and going straight for the heart. In the hands of an artist dialect properly used becomes the fit vehicle of speech for the soul that seeks

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expression in its own way, and this is what the author of *Brokenburne* has accomplished for "Aunt Bene." Slight as it is—there are, as we reckon, about twenty thousand words—the story is a great achievement, and we predict for it a ready and enduring popularity. The book will be beautifully made with several half-tone illustrations by Mr. William Henry Walker, and a picturesque cover design by Mr. Walter C. Greenough. The author is Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, of Memphis, Tenn., whose *Centennial Ode* was last year widely appreciated throughout the Southern States. *Brokenburne* will be published immediately by Messrs. E. R. Herrick and Company.

❀

The silhouette of Burns's "Clarinda," herewith reproduced, forms the frontispiece to a work published by the same firm, entitled *Burns's Clarinda: Brief Papers Concerning the Poet's Renowned Correspondent*, collected and edited by John D. Ross, LL.D., a well-known Burns scholar and enthusiast. This portrait of Mrs. McLehose, who played Clarinda to Burns's Sylvander with more tragic results to herself than befell the poet, now reposes in the National Portrait Gallery, and there is an especial interest attached to the accompanying silhouette inasmuch as it is a perfect fac-simile of the original picture drawn for Burns by the celebrated silhouettist Miers. The following are the letters which passed between Clarinda and the poet on the subject:

"*Thursday Noon, February* 7, 1788.

"I shall go to-morrow forenoon to Miers alone. What size do you want it about? O Sylvander, if you wish my peace, let *friendship* be the word between us. I tremble at more."

"*Thursday Night, February* 7, 1788.

"I thank you for going to Miers. Urge him, for necessity calls, to have it done by the middle of next week. Wednesday the latest day. I want it for a breast-pin to wear next my heart. I propose to keep sacred set times to wander in the woods and wilds for meditation on you. Then, and only then, your lovely image shall be produced to the day, with a reverence akin to devotion."

The papers collected in this volume form a valuable addition to Burns lore; especially do they vindicate the unstained character of the hapless Clarinda with, as her only weakness, an acknowledged love for the poet that wrecked her life's happiness. Her life-story is subjected to a variety of treatment in these papers, beginning with a "Memoir of Mrs. McLehose," by her grandson, W. C. McLehose, and including, among other interesting chapters, "A Tribute," by the late Professor Blackie; "A Brief Sketch," by Principal Shairp; "A Visit to Clarinda;" "Clarinda and Sylvander," by Alexander Smith. The volume concludes with the cluster of poems inspired by Agnes McLehose, under the heading of "The Poet's Immortal Wreath," among which "Ae Fond Kiss" not only stands alone, but ranks with the immortal love songs of the world.

BURNS'S "CLARINDA."

❀

Tom Hall is to follow up the success of *When Hearts are Trumps* with a new collection of his humorous versicles, to be entitled *When Love Laughs*. The book will be printed on a decorated page, with the decorations in two colours, designed by Frank M. Gregory. *When Hearts are Trumps* was published by Messrs. Stone and Kimball about two years ago, and has passed through several editions. The advance orders for the new volume are so numerous as to promise to exhaust the first edition almost before the date of publication,

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which will take place in a few weeks. Many of the things that Tom Hall has written have made us wish sometimes that he would take himself more seriously and give us something worthy of his art. His trickles of wit and fancy, trifles light as air, have added to the mirth of the moment, and after all he is perhaps wise in his generation in playing with hearts in the present, and laughing with love while it lasts than he would be in aping the bard and baying the moon, like so many futile minor poets of the day. *When Love Laughs* will be published by Messrs. E. R. Herrick and Company.

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A new weekly is projected for publication in New York, the initial number to appear about November 1st. It is to be called *L'Enfant Terrible*, and will be devoted to "humour for humour's sake." The editors are Mr. Gelett Burgess, late of the *Lark*, and Mr. Oliver Herford, epigrammatist of the Players, and Mr. James Jeffrey Roche. The editorial policy of the paper, judging from the antics of the *Lark* and the "Purple Cow," will very naturally be rather eccentric. Once a week the editors are to dine together, and on this evening the matter for the next number of the publication, both text and illustrations, will be conceived and expressed on paper, the staff being pledged not to leave the room until the entire copy is ready for the printer. But oh, what a difference in the morning!

❀

We learn with regret that the Frederick Stokes Company have decided to postpone the publication of Mr. George Gissing's novel *The Whirlpool* until February next. This will cause disappointment to many of Mr. Gissing's admirers in America, who have been patiently awaiting the appearance of the book in this country. *The Whirlpool* was published in England last spring.

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Mr. Gissing has been engaged on the proofs of a book of short stories which will shortly appear under the title *Human Odds and Ends*. Mr. Gissing leaves shortly for Italy, where he will remain until the spring, as his health forbids his spending the winter in England.

Mr. H. G. Wells has an article on the novels of Mr. George Gissing in the August *Contemporary Review*, which contains some very acute criticism. For example, he points out that in *The Whirlpool* Mr. Gissing for the first time takes serious account of children. He sums up by saying that Mr. Gissing has written a series of extremely significant novels, perhaps the only series of novels in the last decade whose interest has been strictly contemporary. But Mr. Wells is wrong, as so many critics have been wrong, in saying that what checks Mr. Gissing's popularity is his depressing tone. It is not that; it is the fact that he seems to be without poetic imagination, and without that touch no man's work rises into real greatness. Mr. Gissing lacks that which Thomas Hardy possesses and which compels the public to read books which are more depressing in their general import than any that Mr. Gissing has written.

❀

Editors of magazines and periodicals are always on the lookout for stories that will raise the circulation of their publications. As a rule, these are very hard to find and are very uncertain. Even stories by eminent authors often fail, but in two cases at least of recent date a marked effect has been produced on sales by the serial. We refer to the two stories of Mr. H. G. Wells, which appeared during the summer months in *Pearson's Weekly* and *Pearson's Magazine*. The former of these stories, *The Invisible Man*, has just been published by Mr. Edward Arnold. One of the shrewdest literary men in London prophesies that it will be the book of the season. The story in *Pearson's Magazine* has also been appearing in the *Cosmopolitan* in this country, and is called *The War of the Worlds*. Mr. Wells is a scientific as well as a literary man, and can give a strange verisimilitude to his astounding tales. He has not until now been a really popular writer, although he has done some very fine work; but it would seem as if his hour had now come.

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To the uninitiated or to those puzzled by the title of Mr. Wells's new story, *The Invisible Man*, we submit the author's own explanation to a representative of the *Sketch*. "The leading idea, which has already been used by Mr.

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Gilbert in one of the *Bab Ballads*, is that a man is able to make his living tissues invisible. But this invisibility, being not a magic quality, but the result, as I have shown, of certain applications of the science of optics, does not extend to his clothing, to any matter that may descend upon him, or to his food before it is assimilated. The story consists in the realistic treatment of this leading idea, the experimenter being represented as an extremely egotistical and irritable person." Asked whether he did not think of doing anything more in the vein of *The Wheels of Chance*, he replied: "I have had a novel of commonplace people in hand for some time, and I continue to work at it intermittently. It is called *Love and Mr. Lewisham*. But I shall probably not finish it for some time, as I am also working at a romance of the immediate future, somewhat on the lines of Mr. Bellamy's *Looking Backward*. But it is by no means a political Utopia; the story is rather a horoscope. I hope to finish it by the end of the year, but it has taken me from the beginning of May until now to do half. I have given my time entirely to it, but I find myself getting more and more anxious about the quality of my work, and I was never a quick worker except under pressure of stern necessity." This last is good news, as we were beginning to fear that the publishers were going to run Mr. Wells's remarkable abilities to earth.

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Mr. Edward Arnold is publishing some very interesting books this season, especially the *Recollections* of Aubrey de Vere, the friend of Wordsworth, Newman, Sir Henry Taylor, Sir W. Rowan Hamilton, F. D. Maurice, and many others. He will also publish the life of Miss Clough, by her niece, who was her secretary, and on terms of the closest intimacy with her. Another important biographical book published by Mr. Arnold will be *The Life and Letters of J. A. Roebuck*, the bitter and sturdy Radical. After 1832 Mr. Roebuck's career is described in the main through his own letters to his wife. Mr. Arnold also publishes a short work on *Style* by Professor Walter Raleigh, of Liverpool, who wrote the *Quarterly Review* article on Robert Louis Stevenson.

❀

We are glad to hear that the indefatigable Andrew Lang has undertaken no less an enterprise than the writing of a history of Scotland. Too much of Mr. Lang's energy has been spent in ephemeral work, and there is room for a good work on Scottish history that will fill a permanent place in literature. Mr. Lang is also engaged in writing a popular life of Napoleon.

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A story for boys, entitled *The Adventures of Napoleon Smith*, by Mr. S. R. Crockett, is almost ready. One prescient critic has ventured the prophecy that it will turn out to be one of his most entertaining and popular books.

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The announcement that Messrs. Dent and Company of London are preparing a new edition of the Waverley novels in their very attractive Temple Classics has aroused a great deal of interest. So far the rule has been in this popular series to omit prefaces, but in the case of Scott a reversion has been made to the plan adopted with the Temple Shakespeare, and a short bibliographical account will preface each novel. These brief introductions are being written by Mr. Clement K. Shorter, and they bid fair to be of exceptional value. Among other things, Mr. Shorter has at his command the unique collection of Scott materials accumulated by the late Mr. Dykes Campbell. The edition will be published in this country by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, and will be complete in forty-eight volumes. Two or more volumes will appear before the end of the year.

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While Dr. S. Weir Mitchell has written a story of the American Revolution in *Hugh Wynne* for older readers, another well-known American author, Mr. W. O. Stoddard, has presented the younger generation with a story of the same period in *The Red Patriot*, which is about to be published by the Messrs. Appleton. Mr. Stoddard has been for the last few years a resident of Madison, N. J., in the vicinity of Morristown, and has had ample opportunities for studying the background of Washington's campaigning in New Jersey, which furnishes some of the stirring scenes and historical events of the story. The book takes its title from a leading actor, "the last of the Susquehannocks," who shares the boy hero's adventures.

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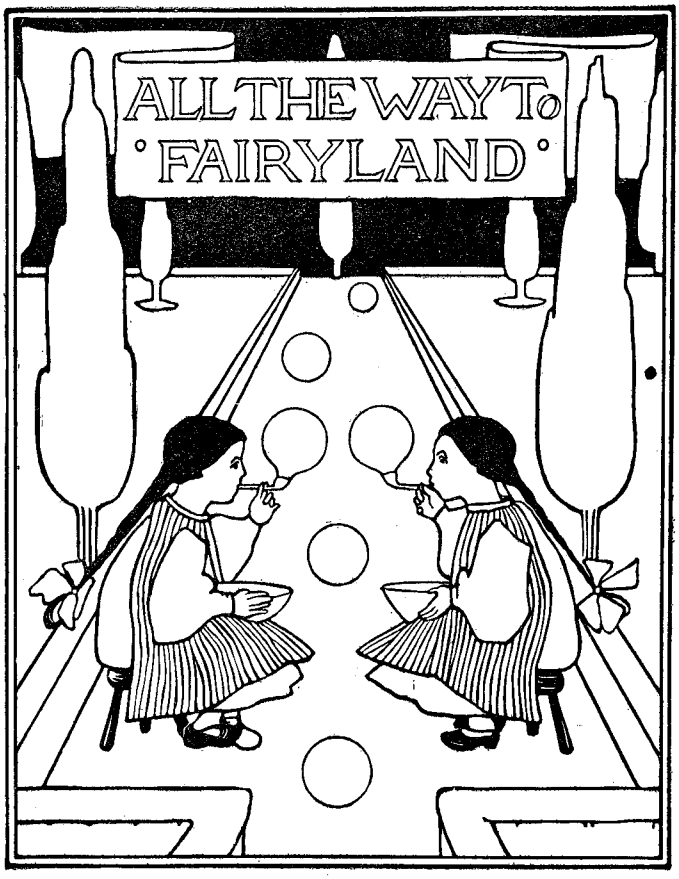

Mr. James Bowden, not content with the rapid success he is achieving in his own business as a publisher in London, has, at the repeated request of the debenture holders of the Messrs. Routledge, accepted the trusteeship for them, and there is every reason to hope that under his able management things will be straightened out, and the position of a firm that has done so much for cheap publishing made stronger than ever. The Messrs. Routledge have done many enterprising things in their day. Among other things they offered Mr. Barnum £1200 for the English copyright of his lectures on Humbug. Mr. Barnum was not satisfied, and asked for more. The publishers replied: "Sir, we cannot agree to the terms named by you, nor can we increase our offer. We will give you our cheque for £1200 for the exclusive right of publishing your lectures in this country, leaving it with you to make such additions as your judgment may suggest." Mr. Barnum replied: "I have to thank you for your repeated offers to publish the lectures I am at present delivering. I hope you will not consider it egotistic on my part, but as I am presumptuous enough to think that my suggestions on the art of money-making are calculated to have a much larger sale than your offer, liberal as it is, seems based upon, I have no other alternative than to respectfully decline it with thanks."

❀

The new *Wymps* book by Evelyn Sharp is entitled *All the Way to Fairyland*, and, like that most charming of all last year's books for children, will contain coloured plates. Both pictures and text extend beyond *Wymps*, and the book is likely to be a favourite with the young folks. We reproduce the cover design and one of the illustrations, which, however, suffer by losing their colour effect. The book will be published shortly by Mr. John Lane.

❀

An interesting frontispiece to the volume of sketches by Charles Dickens about to be published will be a facsimile of the last letter that he wrote.

❀

A striking example of Charles Dickens's chivalrous regard for an absent friend is recalled by Dean Farrar. Mr. Sims Reeves had been announced to sing at a small public dinner at which Dickens presided, and, as happened not infrequently, Mr. Sims Reeves had something the matter with his throat, and was unable to attend. Dickens announced this, and the announcement was received with a general laugh of incredulity. This made Dickens very angry, and he rose manfully to the defence of the delinquent. "My friend, Mr. Sims Reeves," he said quietly, "regrets

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his inability to fulfil his engagement, owing," he added with caustic severity, "to an *unfortunately amusing and highly facetious cold.*"

❀

How one envies Dean Farrar the memory of having seen Thackeray and heard him read one of his great lectures on *The Four Georges*, that terrible indictment with which he nailed his glove to the throne of England. It was while Farrar was master at Harrow that Thackeray delivered his lecture there on George III. Every word of it was read, and rather closely read, from the manuscript, as was his wont, in a voice somewhat monotonous. "But," says the Dean, "I shall never forget the impression of tragic gloom left on my mind by his pictures of the madness of George III., and the breathless interest with which the lecture was listened to by even the youngest Harrow boys."

❀

The very interesting series of reminiscences which Dean Farrar has been contributing during the past year to the *Temple Magazine*, many of which have been quoted in these columns, will be gathered in book form under the title *Men I have Known*, and published shortly by Messrs. T. Y. Crowell and Company. Dean Farrar's recollections of many of the prominent figures of the Victorian era have been replete with characteristic anecdotes, quoted repartee, and illustrative traits and observations of the eminent men with whom it has been his enviable lot to have been thrown in contact. The book will also include the numerous fac similes of letters and portraits which have appeared with the articles in serial form.

❀

Mr. Headon Hill, whose *By a Hair's Breadth* has just been published by Dodd, Mead and Company, is writing a story of Klondike and the gold craze. He is one of the very few authors who have travelled much in Alaska, and he knows the new gold fields exceedingly well. His book should possess more than a fictional interest.

❀

Mr. F. Marion Crawford had just arrived in New York when the *British Weekly* announced that "Mr. and Mrs. Clement Shorter start next week for an extended tour in Italy, in the course of which they hope to visit Mr. Marion Crawford at Sorrento." Come west, Mr. Shorter, come west!

❀

Corleone, the novel which has been appearing during the year in *Munsey's*, and is now published by the Macmillan Company, belongs with the Italian group of novels which have made Mr. Crawford so

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famous. The origin of the Saracinesca stories, probably the best and the most popular of all his novels, was a walk he took with a tutor, when he was a boy, in the interior of Italy, the region in which he places the Saracinesca estates. When he wrote the first novel of the series he did not intend a group, but the plan grew upon him, and the first story was received so kindly that he decided to continue the history through several generations, and to make it in a sense representative of the life of the nobility of a certain class in modern Italy. Personally he does not care very much for the series; but in this his readers seem to disagree with him. The book which has the most reality for him is *Pietro Ghisleri*, and the book he enjoyed most in writing is *Mr. Isaacs*. As is well known, Mr. Crawford has produced a group of New York novels in which the fortunes of a family are elaborated after the manner of his Saracinesca tales, but in this series he has not been so successful.

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Mr. F. Marion Crawford is the youngest of four children, and was born at Bagni di Lucca, Italy, August 2d, 1854. His boyhood was spent in Italy, and he studied mainly under a French governess, and to this day writes French with the ease of English. When twelve years of age he was sent to America and went to St. Paul's School, Concord. Thereafter he studied in England, then at Karlsruhe and Heidelberg from 1874–76, and spent two years at the University of Rome, where he had a tutor who taught him Sanskrit. Becoming interested in the language, he went to India to gain a more profound knowledge of Sanskrit. After a series of troubles he got an engagement on the *Allahabad Indian Herald*, an afternoon daily paper of which he became the editor. He picked up a great deal about Buddhism and other Oriental lore, and at Simla he met the original of *Mr. Isaacs*, a real man, whose name was Jacobs. He says that his work on the *Herald* was the hardest he ever did. Returning to Italy in 1880, he again found himself without means or work, and so took passage in an old steamer for America in the year following. He entered Harvard as a special student, taking a course in Sanskrit. During this time he wrote numerous book reviews and articles on philosophical themes.

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On May 5th, 1882, his uncle, Samuel Ward, the original of Horace in *Dr. Claudius*, asked him to dinner at a New York club. In the course of conversation Mr. Crawford related with a great deal of detail his recollections of an interesting man whom he had met in Simla. When he had finished, Sam Ward said to him, "That is a good magazine story, and you must write it out immediately." That night he began *Mr. Isaacs*, and finished it on June 13th, 1882. The novel was accepted by the Messrs. Macmillan, and was followed by *Dr. Claudius*. *Mr. Isaacs* became popular immediately, and at Mr. Aldrich's request Mr. Crawford wrote *A Roman Singer* for the *Atlantic Monthly*. Since then his other stories have followed in quick succession, most of them written very rapidly. *Marzio's Crucifix* was produced in ten days, and *The Tale of a Lonely Parish* in twenty-four days, at the rate of a chapter of about five thousand words a day. He was married to a daughter of General Berdan in the year 1884 in Constantinople, and in 1885 went back to Italy, to Sorrento, where he has a villa, and where he has lived ever since, broken only by his visits to America. In these fifteen years he has produced some thirty novels, and his popularity is not only unabated, but seems to increase both in England and in America. Mr. Crawford has only turned forty, so that his best work as a novelist may still lie before him.

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The series of lectures which Mr. Crawford will deliver this winter in various cities of the United States and Canada comprises the following subjects: "The Early Italian Artists," "Italian Home Life in the Middle Ages," "Leo XIII. in the Vatican," and "The Italy of Horace." Mr. Crawford's lecture tour is under the direction of Major Pond.

❀

Anthony Hope will have begun his series of readings in this country, also under Major Pond's management, before this meets the eye of the reader. We understand that his first appearance in New York will be on October 24th, and

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that on that morning and those of the two following days Mr. Hawkins will give readings in the Lyceum. His programmes, which we have seen, consist of selections from his best-known books, and cover a wide range, from grave to gay. As an example we give one of them, taken at random :

1. "The Philosopher in the Apple Orchard."
2 From *The Prisoner of Zenda*, "If Love Were All."
3. From *The Dolly Dialogues*, "The Other Lady."
4. From *The Heart of the Princess Osra*, "The Victory of the Grand Duke."

Anthony Hope is considered one of the wittiest and most graceful of after-dinner speakers in London, and we have heard this attested by several American persons who have listened to his happy, fluent oratory. This will make his readings all the more inviting, as we understand they are to be pleasantly interspersed with notes by the way.

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The following letter is now being circulated by the American Committee acting in behalf of the Stevenson Memorial :

38 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

It has been proposed to erect in his native city of Edinburgh a memorial to Robert Louis Stevenson, and a committee of his Scotch and English admirers and friends, headed by Lord Rosebery, and having among its number those as near to Stevenson as Mr. Sidney Colvin, Mr. George Meredith, and Mr. J. M. Barrie, has been already formed to carry out the project. But Stevenson is nowhere held in greater admiration or affection than in America, and it seems certain that many of his American readers would be glad of an opportunity to take part in this tribute to his memory. Many of them have felt through his books the vital and stimulating personality that made him one of the most attractive figures in recent English literature ; and the idea of this memorial has appealed to them with an unusual force.

With the authority of the English organisation an American Committee has been formed, which asks American readers and admirers of Stevenson to contribute to the work. The memorial is to take the shape of a "statue, bust, or medallion with such architectural or sculpturesque accompaniment as may be desirable," and the character of those having the matter in charge ensures its dignity and fitness.

Subscriptions of whatever amount will be received for the American Committee by the undersigned, its chairman, and receipts returned in the name of the committee To the subscribers of sums of $10.00 and upward there will be sent by the American Committee, as a memorial of participation in the undertaking, a special edition, printed for the committee, of Stevenson's *Æs Triplex*, bearing the subscriber's name and having as its frontispiece a reproduction of the portrait by John S. Sargent. It need hardly be said that this edition will not be otherwise obtainable.

CHARLES FAIRCHILD,
Chairman.

The members of the American Committee are Messrs. Henry M. Alden, E. L. Burlingame, Beverley Chew, Charles B. Foote, Richard Watson Gilder, Clarence King, Gustav E. Kissel, John La Farge, Will H. Low, James MacArthur, S. S. McClure, Augustus St. Gaudens, Charles Scribner, J. Kennedy Tod, George E. Waring, and Miss Jeannette L. Gilder.

❀

One of the most remarkable contributions—perhaps the most remarkable—that have been made to the literature that has grown around the warrior saint of France is Mrs. Catherwood's *The Days of Jeanne d'Arc*, which is concluded in the October *Century*, and is now published by the Century Company in book form. Of all the books that we have read on the subject, this one appears to us to get nearest to an essential understanding of the character of the Maid of Domremy. The way in which the study of the subject suggested itself to Mrs. Catherwood will probably provoke a sneer from the sceptical ; but her statement is worthy of respect, and is of decided interest. "At the risk of raising a smile," she says, "I will confess that I felt—so strongly that it was like an instant's experience of a blow—that Jeanne d'Arc herself had laid upon me the task of writing her story. I was on the train going to my summer home. The feeling, without any premonition, swept through me that I would be obliged to make a careful study of her life and times, and of the present geographical aspect of France, and that I would have to give unstinted labour to the undertaking." Mrs. Catherwood may be pardoned for the seeming egotism of believing that in her *Days of Jeanne d'Arc* she has shown us the Maid as she really was, now that we are able to compare the result of her labours with the portraits existing of this wonderfully romantic figure in history. She went among the Vosges and Lorraine peasants in France and studied their characteristics. Many of the notes she had accumulated in America during a year's hard study in the best libraries she threw away, making others at first-

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Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

hand from her own observations. The geography, the atmosphere, the characteristics of the people are absolutely correct; the age itself, of course, could only be studied through the best existing authorities.

❀

When the inspiration first came to her, Mrs. Catherwood wrote at once to the Century Company, and Mr. Gilder, of the *Century Magazine*, astonished her by saying that they had been thinking of that very thing. This strange coincidence greatly strengthened Mrs. Catherwood in the belief of her literary mission and stimulated her to proceed immediately with the work. An amusing incident occurred about this time relative to Mark Twain's *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc*, purporting to be a translation from the French of the Sieur Louis de Conte, her page and secretary, which had just begun to appear serially in *Harper's Magazine*. Mrs. Catherwood pointed out an error in transcribing the name "Conte," it ought to be "Coute," she said; and Mark Twain was informed of the mistake. "Have I been studying this subject for fourteen years to be told that I could make such a mistake as that?" he replied with characteristic brusqueness. The name continued to be spelled as originally written by Mr. Clemens, and notwithstanding that proof was brought to bear on its inaccuracy, he persisted in having his own way. "Conte I have written," said he, "and Conte it will remain!" And sure enough Conte it remains in the book, which now perpetuates his hypocephalous decision.

❀

The new edition of Thackeray's novels which was announced in our London Letter just one year ago is now in active preparation. The novelist's accomplished daughter, Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, is to write a series of introductions to the new issue of her father's works, which will no doubt cause this edition to take its place as the final and standard edition of the greatest among English novelists. These introductions will be full and elaborate; they will contain much personal as well as much literary information, and Thackeray's letters and manuscripts will be freely used in their preparation. It need hardly be said that all that Mrs. Ritchie has written in various forms about her father has been done in exquisite taste in view of the injunction put upon posterity by Thackeray that no biography of him should appear after his death. She has resolutely declined hitherto to prepare a formal biography, in spite of repeated offers and suggestions, but she has now seen her way to use the material at her sole disposal in connection with Messrs. Smith, Elder and Company's important project.

❀

The copyright of *Henry Esmond* having recently expired, Messrs. Downey and Company met the opportunity with

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a cheap edition in England at sixpence. The Blackwoods have also published an edition of George Eliot's *Scenes of Clerical Life* at the same price, and an enormous sixpenny edition of *Lorna Doone* has just been put on the market by the English publishers. *Lorna Doone* was first published in 1860; *Dariel, a Romance of Surrey*, Mr. Blackmore's new novel, has just appeared.

❀

Visitors to London have probably remarked the famous photographic studio in Mortimer Street, under the auspices of Mr. Henry Hay Herschel Cameron, and those who have visited the studio have probably found there much gratification by viewing the countless examples of his mother's portraits of the great dead—Tennyson, Browning, Longfellow, Lowell, Darwin, Herschel and many others. There is also exhibited there the plain, old-fashioned camera which has reflected the images of more famous men and women than any existing lens. For not only was Mrs. Julia Margaret Cameron, the mother of the present photographer, one of the first seriously to realise all the art possibilities of photography, but she herself possessed one of those rare personalities which draw to themselves all that is greatest and best in their own generation, and her most distinguished sitters were almost without exception her own intimate friends. One of these was Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, Thackeray's daughter, an early portrait of whom, taken by Mrs. Cameron, we reproduce. It is all the more interesting because Mrs. Ritchie is one of the few literary worthies whose features have not become familiar to us through frequency of appearance in the public prints.

EARLY PORTRAIT OF MRS. RICHMOND RITCHIE.

From a photograph by Julia Margaret Cameron.

❀

Mr. Cameron will tell you that famous people often make the best sitters; this is of course owing to a variety of causes. Thought, learning, intellect—power of any kind—leaves its stamp on a face, and indeed on the whole individuality of a man. Tennyson, for instance, had a magnificent presence. Mr. Cameron thought he looked like a latter-day Homer, and though he always grumbled at the ordeal, he made the most admirable of sitters, and was invariably kind and patient. The photograph of the late Lord Tennyson and Lady Tennyson and their son, the present Lord Tennyson, which is reproduced on the next page, is from Mr. Cameron's collection, and has not been published before. Two of Mrs. Cameron's photographs of the poet have been published in the *Memoir* by his son, but for some reason this one has been omitted. It has a peculiar interest in view of the biography of the

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THE LATE LORD TENNYSON, LADY TENNYSON, AND THEIR SON.

From a photograph by Cameron, London.

late Poet Laureate, which has just been published by the Macmillan Company.

Lord Tennyson's *Memoir* of his father appears as we go to press and too late for review in this number. Meanwhile a word may be said for the extrinsic merits of the work. It is one of the handsomest pieces of bookmaking we have seen in a long time, and everything about the book evinces the greatest care and finish. The type is large and clear, the printing and paper excellent, the binding serviceable and in good taste. The illustrations—there are twenty-four of them, consisting mainly of portraits and partly of fac-similes of poems in the poet's handwriting—are works of art, and enhance the beauty and value of the book. The work is published in two volumes, each having over two hundred pages. It was announced for publication on October 6th, the anniversary of the poet's death, but it was found impossible to fill the advance orders and publish it earlier than the 12th.

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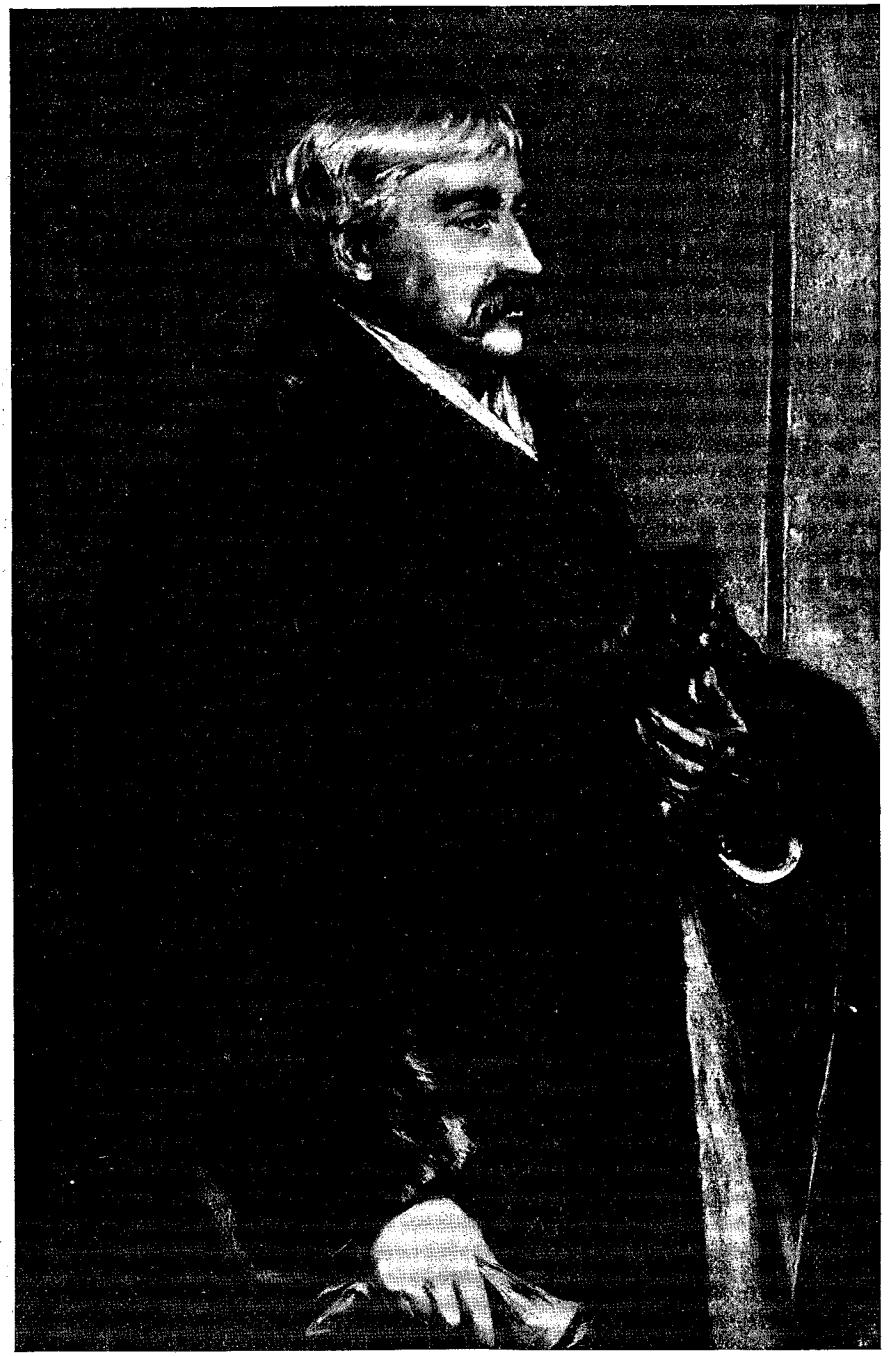

BRET HARTE.

From a photograph by Fradelle and Young, London.

The accompanying fine portrait of Bret Harte was recently photographed from a painting made about two years ago, and is now reproduced for the first time. It is considered to be a striking likeness. A review of Bret Harte's new story, *Three Partners*, published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company, appears on another page.

❀

Our London correspondent refers in his current letter to the elaborate prepa-

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MAUDE ADAMS AS "BABBIE."

From a photograph by Sarony.

rations which are being made for the production of Mr. Barrie's dramatisation of *The Little Minister* in London, where it is anticipated it will be the play of the season. Whatever the results may be in England, the success of *The Little Minister* on the boards in America seems to be an assured thing. The ovation given to the star, Miss Maude Adams, on the first night was to be expected; but in spite of cantankerous criticisms in certain quarters concerning this warm reception accorded to the play through Miss Adams, the interest of successive audiences has been fully sustained to the first pitch, and the play is now fairly launched for the season. It must be gratifying to Mr. Barrie to learn that Miss Adams has been so successful with his creation of Babbie. When he was in this country a year ago Miss Adams was playing with John Drew in *Rosemary*, and if we remember aright, he was much pleased with her performance in this play. Miss Adams is ably supported, with the exception of Mr. Robert Edeson, whose Gavin Dishart, the Little Minister, is very inadequate and unsatisfactory. By the way, all through the play it was noticeable to the Scotch part of the audience that the pronunciation of "Dishart" was amusingly travestied. It is pronounced by the players Dis'-hart instead of Dĭsh art. Mr. Frohman, please note. We give a portrait of Miss Adams as she appears when masquerading as the roguish gypsy.

❀

Madame Sarah Grand's new novel bears the unattractive title *The Beth Book*, "being a Study from the Life of Elizabeth Caldwell Maclure, a Woman of Genius." It will be published about the beginning of November by Messrs. D. Appleton and Company. *The Beth Book* is the book of the life history of the heroine, Beth, whose development the author traces from birth to marriage and after. The earlier scenes of the story are laid in Ireland, but the action takes place for the most part in London.

❀

The Skipper's Wooing is the longest story that Mr. W. W. Jacobs has written, but its success as a serial in England, and the warm reception given to the book, have emboldened him to try his hand at a full-length novel. He has been more or less engaged on it all summer, but he is a slow worker, and it is not likely to be finished until next year. The F. A. Stokes Company are Mr. Jacobs's publishers in America.

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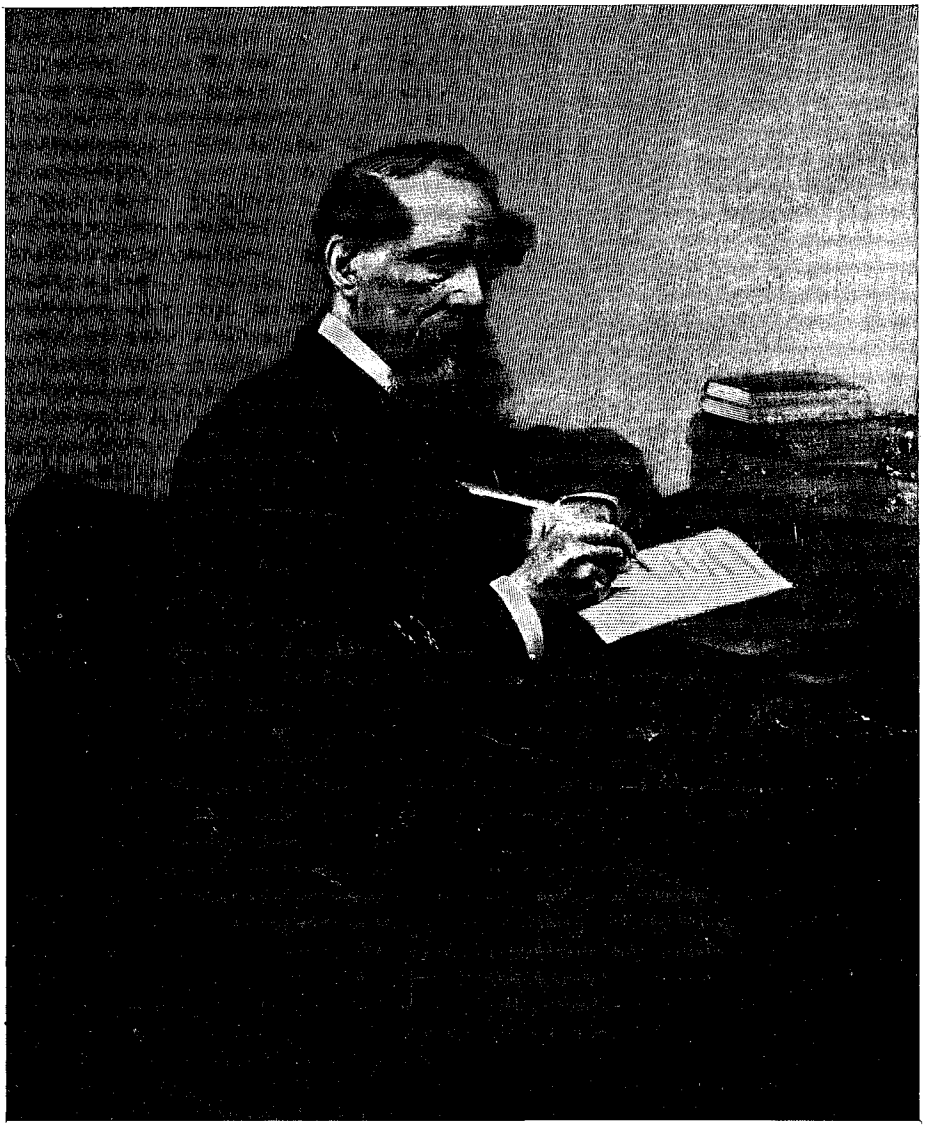

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CHARLES DICKENS AT HIS DESK.*

OLD LAMPS FOR NEW ONES.

SKETCHES AND ESSAYS BY CHARLES DICKENS, NOW PUBLISHED IN AMERICA FOR THE FIRST TIME.

When Dickens reversed the cry of the magician in *Aladdin*, and made it "Old Lamps for New Ones," in a scathing satire on the Pre-Raphael Brotherhood nearly fifty years ago, he little dreamed that this finger-post of scorn would be used at the end of the century to wile the

* From a painting executed from life when Dickens revisited this country in 1867, by Sol Eytinge, who was then renowned as the most popular illustrator of Dickens's works in America. The picture is now in the possession of Mr. W. E. Benjamin, 10 West Twenty-second Street, New York, through whose courtesy we are permitted to reproduce it. With possibly the exception of a limited number of lithographs made in Boston some years ago, no print of this portrait has ever appeared before.

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CHARLES DICKENS.

From a drawing by "Spy" in *Vanity Fair*, 1870.

reader to certain writings of his own which have only now been collected in book-form, and which have never before been published in America in any form. The title is an apt one. In the main we prefer new lamps to old ones; but when those old lamps happen to be lighted by the genius of a Dickens, we are very willing to give in exchange for them, even at a sacrifice, many of our new *fin de siècle* lamps. To Mr. Frederick G. Kitton, the well-known Dickens authority, we are indebted for the recovery of these papers from what Dickens himself designates "'the Old Lamp Market!'" Mr. Kitton is a thorough scholar, and he has been at great pains searching out, identifying and collecting the miscellaneous sketches, essays, letters, reviews, etc., which Dickens contributed for the most part anonymously to *Bentley's Miscellany*, *Household Words*, *All the Year Round*, the London *Daily News*, and other periodicals. The results of this industry have been gathered in a volume of no mean bulk, judging by the number of articles which have been unearthed. Mr. Kitton has written an Introduction for the book, which we have not yet seen, but we have been permitted through the courtesy of the publishers, the New Amsterdam Book Company, to examine the proofs of the Dickens material. The English edition will be entitled *To be Read at Dusk*, and will contain a paper of that name and several others published under the same title some years ago by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company. The major part by far, however, has never been collected before, and the American edition now being published consists only of matter that has not hitherto appeared in this country. The American title, as we have said, will be *Old Lamps for New Ones*.

When, like the magician, we come to rub these "old lamps," what do they evoke? Are they ineffectual and useless for entertainment or enlightenment, or do they still retain the alchemic power of summoning once more the genii of the lamp? It is often a thankless task, not to say an unworthy one, the raking together of material which a great writer has let fall by the wayside during his lifetime. The demand of posterity on the product of a writer is often beyond any just claim it has upon him, and it is bred not infrequently of an unhealthy curiosity and pragmatical instinct, which

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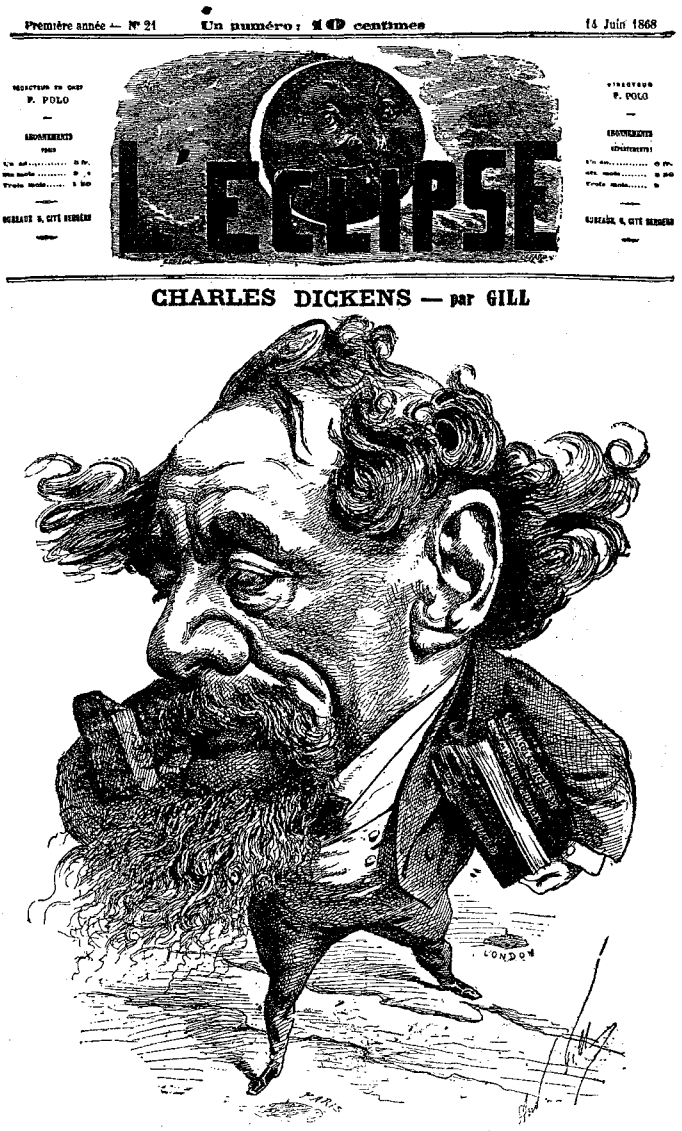
Dickens himself has severely castigated in one of these collected papers. But so long as there is a public with an insatiate maw, and a publisher with the enterprise to conjure with a great name, we cannot expect these poor ghosts to be allowed to rest unmolested. Yet this retrogressive principle has its compensation: sometimes by its means a pearl is found in the oyster embedded in the journalism of the past, or to revert to our original figure, a light is discovered that has been hidden under a bushel. Frequently instructive facts or hints of truth are elicited that throw light upon the author's personality or explain more fully his methods of working, his development as a writer. At the least, they afford passing amusement or temporary relief from the *ennui* of the hour produced by the newest indigestibles. It may be, too, that they induce a fresh interest in an old favourite, and make us hark back to the works that fed the perennial springs of our youth.



"A TALE OF TWO CITIES"

But to our question regarding these "old things" of Dickens. The genii is never far away, without doubt, sometimes very dimly apprehended, oftentimes in all the vigour and presence of his better self. The stamp of Dickens's mind is upon them all, they bear his unmistakable imprint. The fun and frolic, the wit and humour, the satire and savagery, the advocate of reform, and the special pleader of the poor, the chivalry of literary brotherhood and the pride of letters, the prejudices, the whimsicalities, the affectation of pomposity and bombast, the intense feeling and burning sincerity—all are here, and as a flame in the midst shedding its glow and irradiating its vital spark throughout, there is the unfailing light of Dickens's imagination. To be sure, these qualities play upon subjects that belong to a day that is dead, and in so far as they are remote from our present interests in life, the sum total of their bygone attraction is diminished for us now. But to the lover of Dickens, especially to the admirer of his satire and humour, these papers will be full of delight and reminiscent pleasure when

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read in the light of his standard works. Many of them are the incarnation of Boz. Indeed, in reading them, we are reminded of the words of the distinguished scholar, poet, and philosopher yet among us, who, when asked what he considered "the best bits of literature," made bold answer, "The buried thoughts in anonymous journalism."

But we must hasten to give the reader a foretaste of these forthcoming sketches of Dickens. From the initial article, which gives the book its title, we cull the following *jeu d'esprit* from the writer's stream of satire:

"In literature, a very spirited effort has been made, which is no less than the formation of a P.G.A.P.C.B., or Pre-Gower and Pre-Chaucer Brotherhood, for the restoration of the ancient English style of spelling, and the weeding out from all libraries, public and private, of those and all later pretenders, particularly a person of loose character named Shakespeare. It having been suggested, however, that this happy idea could scarcely be considered complete while the art of printing was permitted to remain unmolested, another society, under the name of the Pre-Laurentius Brotherhood, has been established in connection with it, for the abolition of all but manuscript books. These Mr. Pugin has engaged to supply in characters that nobody on earth shall be able to read. And it is confidently expected by those who have seen the House of Lords, that he will faithfully redeem his pledge."

There is published the humorous announcement which appeared at the opening of the second number of *Bentley's Miscellany*, edited by Boz, in 1837, headed "Extraordinary Gazette," and containing the "speeches of His Mightiness, the Editor," who is described in his progress to New Burlington Street as

"receiving with the utmost affability the numerous petitions of the crossing-sweepers; and being repeatedly and loudly hailed by the cabmen on the different stands in the line of road through which he passed. His Mightiness appeared in the highest possible spirits; and immediately after his arrival at the House delivered himself of the following most gracious speech:"

Then follow several fictitious speeches to various bodies, one of them beginning:

"My Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen:
"I continue to receive from Foreign Powers undeniable assurances of their disinterested regard and esteem. The free and independent States of America have done me the honour to reprint my Sketches, gratuitously; and to circulate them throughout the Possessions of the British Crown in India, without charging me anything at all. I think I shall recognise Don Carlos if I ever meet him in the street; and I am sure I shall at once know the King of the French, for I have seen him before."

As a dramatic critic we have Dickens's criticism of "Macready as 'Benedick'" in *Much Ado About Nothing*, given at Drury Lane in the year 1843. From quite an extensive and interesting critique of the great actor, we quote this passage:

"Judging of it by analogy; by comparison with anything we know in nature, literature, art; by any test we can apply to it, from within us or without, we can imagine no purer or higher piece of genuine comedy than Mr. Macready's performance of the scene in the orchard after emerging from the arbour. As he sat, uneasily cross-legged, on the garden chair, with that face of grave bewilderment and puzzled contemplation, we seemed to be looking on a picture by Leslie. It was just such a figure as that excellent artist, in his fine appreciation of the finest humour, might have delighted to produce. Those who consider it broad, or farcical or overstrained cannot surely have considered all the train and course of circumstances leading up to that place. If they take them into reasonable account, and try to imagine for a moment how any master of fiction would have described 'Benedick's' behaviour at that crisis—supposing it had been impossible to contemplate the appearance of a living man in the part, and therefore necessary to describe it at all—can they arrive at any other conclusion than that such ideas as are here presented by Mr. Macready would have been written down? Refer to any passage in any play of Shakespeare's, where it has been necessary to describe, as occurring beyond the scene, the behaviour of a man in a situation of ludicrous perplexity, and by that standard alone (to say nothing of any mistaken notion of natural behaviour that may have suggested itself at any time to Goldsmith, Swift, Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, Scott, or other such unenlightened journeymen) criticise, if you please, this portion of Mr. Macready's admirable performance."

Again as a critic of art in an article on George Cruikshank's *Drunkard's Children* "in eight plates," Dickens shows an acquaintance with the technique of the subject, and an observation of the people it depicts, which illustrate the versatility of his genius. In a digression on Hogarth in this paper he touches on a phase of his art which adds to our enlightenment of the artist's method and purpose. He says:

"Hogarth avoided the Drunkard's Progress, we conceive, precisely because the causes of drunkenness among the poor were so numerous and widely spread, and lurked so sorrowfully deep and far down in all human misery, neglect, and despair, that even *his* pencil could not bring them fairly and justly into the light. That he was never contented with beginning

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all the effect, witness the Miser (his shoe new-soled with the binding of his Bible) dead before the Young Rake begins his career; the worldly father, listless daughter, impoverished nobleman, and crafty lawyer in the first plate of the *Mariage à la Mode;* the detestable advances in the Stages of Cruelty; and the progress downward of Thomas Idle! That he did not spare that kind of drunkenness which was of more 'respectable' engenderment, his midnight modern conversation, the election plates, and a crowd of stupid aldermen and other guzzlers amply testify. But after one immortal journey down Gin Lane he turned away in grief and sorrow—perhaps in hope of better things one day, from better laws, and schools, and poor men's homes—and went back no more. It is remarkable of that picture that, while it exhibits drunkenness in its most appalling forms, it forces on the attention of the spectator a most neglected, wretched neighbourhood (the same that is only just now cleared away for the extension of Oxford Street), and an unwholesome, indecent, abject condition of life, worthy to be a Frontispiece to the late Report of the Sanitary Commissioners, made nearly one hundred years afterward. We have always been inclined to think the purpose of this piece not adequately stated, even by Charles Lamb. 'The very houses seem absolutely reeling,' it is true; but they quite as powerfully indicate some of the more prominent causes of intoxication among the neglected orders of society, as any of its effects. There is no evidence that any of the actors in the dreary scene have ever been much better off than we find them. The best are pawning the commonest necessaries and tools of their trades, and the worst are homeless vagrants who give us no clue to their having been otherwise in bygone days. All are living and dying miserably. Nobody is interfering for prevention or for cure in the generation going out before us or the generation coming in. The beadle (the only sober man in the composition except the pawnbroker) is mightily indifferent to the orphan child crying beside its parents' coffin. The little charity girls are not so well taught or looked after but that they can take to dram-drinking already. The church is very prominent and handsome, but coldly surveys these things in progress underneath the shadow of its tower (it was in the year of grace eighteen hundred and forty-eight that a Bishop of London first came out respecting something wrong in poor men's social accommodations), and is passive in the picture. We take all this to have a meaning, and to the best of our knowledge it has not grown obsolete in a century."

There is also an appreciation of John Leech's *Rising Generation*, a series of twelve drawings "from original designs in the Gallery of Mr. Punch." At the close of this paper, which was written in 1848, there is a fling at the Royal Academy's excluding such men as Cruikshank and Leech from its membership, and a prescient forecast which, as everybody knows, has been since verified.

"Will no Members and Associates be found upon its books, one of these days, the labours of whose oils and brushes will have sunk into the profoundest obscurity, when the many pencil marks of Mr. Cruikshank and of Mr. Leech will still be fresh in half the houses in the land?"

In such themes as "The China Junk," a floating bit of Chinatown near London; in "The American Panorama," an extraordinary exhibition of Banvard's Geographical Panorama of the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers given at the Egyptian Hall in 1848; in "An American in Europe," who

"in an evil hour committed the two volumes before us, in which—

'He talks so like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of napkins, forks, and spoons (God save the mark!)'

that the dedication of his book to Lady Byron is an obvious mistake, and an outrage on the rights of Mr. N. P. Willis!"—

in two papers on "The Amusements of the People," in which Dickens follows the ecstasies of one Joe Whelks through his favourite form of the drama —*May Morning, or the Mystery of 1715, and the Murder!* at the Victoria, for instance ——; in "Whole Hogs," which is so delightfully Bozian with its Teatotal Procession, its distinguished Vegetarians and Fleshmeatarians; its Reverend Jabez Fireworks, fond of speaking; its Mr. Gloss, the gentleman with the stand-up collar; Mr. Glib, with the massive watch chain, who smiles so sweetly on the surrounding Fair; Mr. Scradger, looking like a converted Hyæna; the dark-eyed brown gentleman, the Dove Delegate from America; in "Trading in Death," which bares the travesty of State Funerals, particularly Wellington's; in "The Other Public," which includes another facetious American "Note;" and in "The Tattlesnivel Bleater," which strikes at the subtle and malevolent influence wielded by the "London Correspondent"—in these and in others we have not enumerated, the Pickwickian wit and penetrating satire are at work; and despite the distance which separates us from the contemporaneousness of the subjects we are constantly entertained by Dickens's immortal spirit of humour, which now glances and gladdens with the harmless incandescence of summer lightning, and again flashes and strikes with the electric charge of a deadly current. The latter effect is strongly exemplified in

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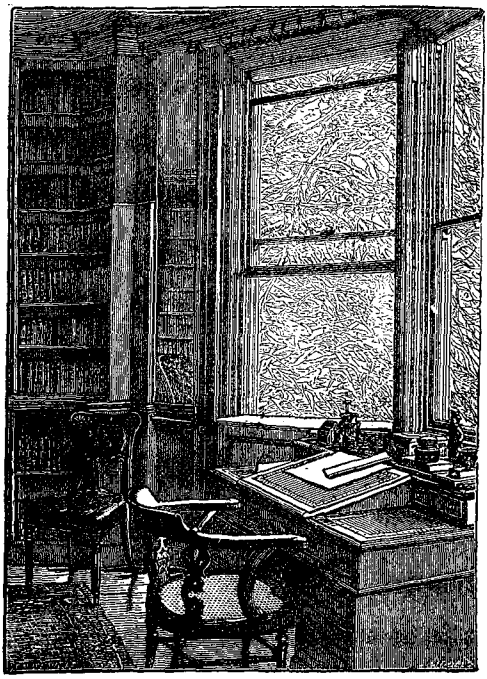
the handling of "The Ballantyne Humbug," relative to the base charges made by the younger Ballantyne against the reputation of Sir Walter Scott, and also in the papers on "The Worthy Magistrate" and "Capital Punishment."



THE STUDY AT GADSHILL.

Americans will read with mingled feelings of amusement and mournful interest the paper entitled "The Young Man from the Country," written in 1862, twenty years subsequent to the writing of *American Notes*. The article begins:

"A song of the hour, now in course of being sung and whistled in every street, the other day reminded the writer of these words—as he chanced to pass a fag-end of the song for the twentieth time in a short London walk—that twenty years ago a little book on the United States entitled *American Notes* was published by 'A Young Man from the Country,' who had just seen and left it.

"This Young Man from the Country fell into a deal of trouble, by reason of having taken the liberty to believe that he perceived in America downward popular tendencies, for which his young enthusiasm had been anything but prepared. It was in vain for the Young Man to offer in extenuation of his belief that no stranger could have set foot on those shores with a feeling of livelier interest in the country and stronger faith in it than he. Those were the days when the Tories had made their Ashburton Treaty, and when Whigs and Radicals must have no theory disturbed. All three parties waylaid and mauled the Young Man from the Country, and showed that he knew nothing about the country.

"As the Young Man from the Country had observed in the Preface to his little book, that he 'could bide his time,' he took all this in silent part for eight years. Publishing then a cheap edition of his book, he made no stronger protest than the following:"

Then follows the preface which appeared in 1850, but of which only the first paragraph in the preface as it is now printed remains intact. The words "—but not wilfully" were added later at the end of this paragraph, and instead of the warm expression of regard for this country, which characterises the second paragraph as it now stands, the following is what was originally printed in 1850, and which was, subsequent to Dickens's second visit to America, in 1868, eliminated:

"I have nothing to defend or to explain away. The truth is the truth, and neither childish absurdities nor unscrupulous contradictions can make it otherwise. The earth would still move round the sun, though the whole Catholic Church said, No!"

But this article we must remember was written in 1862. The Young Man from the Country goes on to make large quotations from his "little book," and then concludes:

"The foregoing was written in the year eighteen hundred and forty-two. It rests with the reader to decide whether it has received any confirmation or assumed any colour of truth in or about the year eighteen hundred and sixty-two."

It is matter of history, and still within the painful remembrance of the living, that Dickens stirred up a hornet's nest when he published his *American Notes*, and that although he modified his opinions and estimate of the country and its people when he revisited it twenty-six years later, the disagreeable and unfavourable impressions created by his *Notes* have never been wholly eradicated. Only the other day the writer was talking with a highly cultivated woman of refined tastes, who recalled the disillusionment which her young girlhood's dream of Dickens encountered, and who spoke with ill-concealed contempt of the effect of his public appearance upon her mind. With the rise of a younger generation this may in time disappear.

Meanwhile to the student of modern literature in general, and of Dickens in particular—to all who would forego

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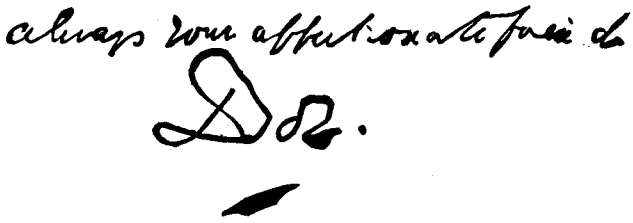
new lamps for old ones to illumine the dusk of a leisurely evening hour we commend this heterogeneous mosaic of Dickensiana. To the disciples of Dickens the volume will carry its own credentials without any other introduction. The Introduction which Mr. Kitton is to contribute will, we may be sure, enhance vastly the bibliographical value and interest of the collection.

James MacArthur.



FAC-SIMILE OF THE AUTOGRAPH SIGNATURE "BOZ."

WITHIN THE WALLS.

O Bertrand, I am dying, I, a nun,
But life was not in cloister walls begun,
As life is done,
But midst the surging passions of the world,
Where life in myriad colours lies unfurled,
All opal pearled.

My years have passed in twilight monotone
Of kindly nuns and stern, unyielding stone.
I lived alone.
In dying, twilight comes to every soul,
All passion still, wherein God takes control.
God will console.

And now as on dim journeying I start,
Where life begins, where life must first depart,
Come thou, sweetheart.
Kiss the pale hands laid on my quiet breast ;
The poor clay loved thee well, thus let it rest,
By love reblessed.

If in my face unmasked by death you see
The love that needs must live, my love to thee,
God gave it me.
Rebuke me not. Earth's love came next to Heaven.
My life thus forced on God was truly given,
Although heart riven.

So once again I bid my love farewell,
As long ago in sunny Rosendell,
Now in my cell.
No tears, beloved one, as heretofore.
What God has taken He will fain restore
For evermore.

Alice Wardwell.

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THE PROGRESS OF "FONETIK REFAWRM."

There is in this city a firm of publishers whose energetic optimism and tireless activities have always found the field of their nominal occupation to be prosaic, cramping, and hopelessly commonplace. They do, indeed, occasionally publish books, or at least we have so understood; but the work which is the nearest to their hearts is the instant abolition of the traffic in strong drink, the universal reign of total abstinence, and the immediate elimination from the human breast of all desire for stimulants and nicotine. Yet, of course, a trifling task like this, so absurdly simple, and as easy as rolling off a log, has very naturally left these earnest gentlemen with a good deal of spare time upon their hands, and they have very often been in danger of becoming seriously bored; so that by way of filling in their idle moments and preventing any waste of power, they have lately taken up another bagatelle in setting modestly about the reformation of the English language, and more particularly of its orthography.

Some time ago they made a list of words of which the current spelling troubled them; and after thinking very hard indeed, and after conferring with some other very wise and thoughtful persons, they tabulated and printed all these words and spelled them in a new and better way, a way that was more pleasing both to the earnest publishers themselves and to the wise and thoughtful persons with whom they had conferred. Then they sent a copy of the list to many men throughout the length and breadth of our beloved country—to authors, to teachers, to clergymen, to editors, to statesmen; and they announced that as soon as one hundred very eminent men should agree to adopt these new and better spellings, then the publishers who had made the list would also use them in their printing office. Time passed; and now the publishers are carrying out their promise; for one hundred very eminent men *have* approved the list. And we know that these very eminent men are really very eminent, because the publishers admit it frankly. They do not even attempt to deny it. And the very eminent men themselves have never published any contradiction of their own eminence. So it is all right.

Now, this is only one of a good many attempts that have been made to knock a few foundation-stones out of the orthographic structure of the English language, to substitute for definite and accepted forms with which every one is perfectly familiar, which have a meaning and a history of their own, and which ensure a practical uniformity in our printed books, some other way of spelling. Ever since old Noah Webster, that half-baked, priggish, and conceited pedant, first produced the book which several generations of abler men, by throwing out pretty nearly everything that he had put in it, have at last made over into a work of some authority, somebody or other has always been tinkering with reformed orthography. Josh Billings tried it; some theoretical persons in the American Philological Association have taken a crack at it; and, indeed, very seldom is any notorious crank kept awake at night by the tooth-ache, without concocting before daylight a brand-new, hand-painted scheme for the reform of English spelling.

Well, this sort of thing has been going steadily on for some three-quarters of a century, and the accepted forms have not been substantially altered in the usage of educated men. Perhaps this last attempt of the earnest publishers has shown the very fewest signs of producing any tangible results. So far as our observation goes, they will not see their list in vogue until long after the arrival of the Greek Kalends on which they shall have finally dethroned the demon Rum. In fact, only once have we seen their system publicly adopted. This solitary instance was when another publisher in a reckless moment sent out an advertisement of a religious book, printed in large capitals, and with a sort of centre-piece which demanded sternly of the reader

"DOO YOO BELEEV IN HEL?"

—an entirely unnecessary question, since every one who has ever had to do with spelling reformers is absolutely obliged

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to believe in "hel," or else to doubt both the efficiency and the reality of divine justice. We should like to print this advertisement in full and to give the name of the publisher who fathered it; but there are considerations which deter us. Perhaps he has since reformed and is now honestly trying to lead a better life; in which case be it far from us to put any stumbling-blocks in the way of his upward struggle. It may be, too, that he has died; and if so, we shall reverently refrain from disturbing his repose and bringing shame upon his innocent children by linking their parent's name forever with the memory of a cacographic scandal.

The fact is that it is a good deal easier to propose a new system of spelling than to get any number of sensible people to adopt it. And the reason is obvious enough. In the first place, the accepted system *is* accepted and in possession, and *beati possidentes* is a good old maxim that is based upon a fundamental truth. The accepted spelling is also that in which our literature has been written down and printed for many generations. It gives a substantial uniformity. It has dignity. It is an essential part of the history of the English language. And, in the second place, it is not by any means enough to show that this system is open to objection, that it is illogical, that it is inconsistent. One must also show that of the substitutes proposed for it, some one substitute, at least, is not equally objectionable and illogical and inconsistent. But, as a matter of fact, and apart from other considerations, against every one of the "reformed" methods it is easy to oppose the very arguments which the "reformers" hurl at the old accepted spelling.

To begin, the "reformers" tell us that the old spelling is supported by nothing but by prejudice, by custom, by convention, by sentiment. Well, if the remark is true, is not this a very strong support? Is there in fact any motive much stronger in the human mind than that which springs from custom and from sentiment? A thousand nice observances are based upon convention only. The world is ruled by sentiment. Depose custom, convention, and sentiment, and all social law will be smashed to atoms. It is only custom and convention, for example, that impose upon civilised human beings the necessity of wearing clothes in summer. Indeed, most of the arguments that would discredit decency in spelling could be employed with equal force to discredit decency in costume. Just think of it for a moment. It is not natural to wear clothes when the thermometer is in the nineties. Primitive man, before he had been corrupted and enslaved by luxury and convention, wore no clothing; and he was hardier, freer, and happier without it. Clothing leads to arrogance, just as a knowledge of correct spelling leads to reprehensible pride. Clothing is a source of extravagance, of ostentation, of emulation. It even creates caste distinctions, just as literate and illiterate spellings do.

And the custom of wearing clothing is really quite absurd. Is not a top-hat as useless and essentially ridiculous as the silent letters in an English word? And just consider the amount of time that is lost in dressing and undressing! There are said to be persons who actually change their garments several times a day—dressing for breakfast, dressing for out-door sports, putting on a frock-coat in the afternoon, and evening clothes for dinner! How preposterous! Indeed, the more we think of it the more we are convinced that the absurdities of clothing are infinitely greater than the absurdities of the accepted English spelling; and we earnestly advise the "reformers" to tackle this crying evil first and keep the spelling question in the background until they have reformed away our artificial, illogical, uncomfortable and unnatural slavery to custom and the tailor. And if they would only accept this view, what a proof it would be of their own sincerity! How much more effective their spelling arguments would become! In fact, if we shall ever have the pleasure of seeing a squad of the best-known spelling reformers strolling up Fifth Avenue some warm July afternoon *in puris naturalibus*, we really shall begin to think that there is something to be said for the system of spelling which these distinguished gentlemen so earnestly admire.

This question of saving time is another great point with the "reformers." They point to such words as "phthisic" and "bdellium" and "programme," and call strenuous attention to the silent

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letters which have no phonetic value when the words are spoken ; and they speculate on how much precious time is wasted by literary men in writing them. It is indeed a solemn thought. That acute and subtle Educationist, Dr. Krohn, who first discovered just how many thousandths of a second it takes a child to recognise each of the letters in the word *c-a-t*, could probably give the exact statistics on this point. It is too profound a problem for our poor wits ; but we will concede, if we must, that an active writer might waste as much as three minutes and a half each day in writing silent letters. The case seems very clear, and we sorrowfully admit it. To be sure, all the decencies and proprieties of life take time. It takes time to brush one's teeth, to comb one's hair, to shave, to dress, to practise little social courtesies, to do the innumerable things that enter into everyday existence, just as it takes time to spell like an educated man and not like a horse-boy writing to a cook-maid. But what of it? Cultivated men and women gladly give this time ; and the willingness to give it is the one thing that differentiates the civilised human being from the filthy and brutal savage. Time is money to be sure ; but there are things in life more valuable than either time or money, as every one must recognise.

And there is a more or less practical side to this matter, too. Some time ago a distinguished Educationist wrote a book to advocate the general introduction into schools of manual training. In the course of his remarks he became enthusiastic and philological ; and it is always a dangerous thing for any man to be enthusiastic and philological at the same time. He appealed to etymology to show how the principle of manual training unconsciously lies at the base of our most fundamental conceptions of education. He cited the word "pædagogy," and being a spelling reformer (for Educationists thrive on fads) he spelled the word "pedagogy." Then he went on to say that this word, being derived from the Latin *pes* (*ped-*) and *ago*, bears on its face a silent proof of how the training of some part of the body had always in men's subconsciousness been linked with the training of the mind. But when his book began to be generally read, one great Homeric laugh ran roaring across the continent at this lovely instance of *Volksetymologie*, and the poor man went into retirement for many days. Now, it is very certain that if he had only taken time to think of it he would never have put down on paper such a blunder as this, for he doubtless knew very much better than to do so, just as James Russell Lowell undoubtedly knew better than to derive, as he did, the word "polite" from the Greek πόλις. But the barbarous "reformed" spelling misled the Educationist for the moment ; and just because he had learned to save himself the writing of a single *a*, he became a temporary laughing-stock for educated men throughout the country. We do not believe that he is now a spelling reformer any more, and we are very sure that he would have been willing to write that extra *a* five hundred times a week for the rest of his natural life rather than to have become, as he did, an educational joke. Every possible form of civilisation, in fact everything that contributes to man's comfort and convenience, demands time ; but who of us would not be willing to spend three hours a day in dining properly *chez* Voisin, rather than to save two hours and fifty-five minutes of the time by furtively gobbling a plate of corned-beef hash in a John Street beanery?

But they tell us that the accepted spelling of English is inconsistent. Of course it is, just as the English language itself is inconsistent. It is the inconsistency of the language that is mirrored in its spelling. Our English tongue, made up from heterogeneous and unrelated sources, with its blending of Saxon and French, of Scandinavian and Celtic, of Latin and Greek, of terms and phrases drawn from a dozen different sources, is from one point of view the most illogical and inconsistent language ever known. A highly scientific German once told the present writer that in reading English he was always so painfully conscious of its mongrel character that he felt as though he were diving into a linguistic rag-bag. Yet none the less it is the grandest language ever heard upon the lips of men—a wonderful instrument of music, a swift, unerring, highly tempered weapon, a vigorous, flexible, harmonious medium of thought, whose very slang is a marvel of power and whose literature is instinct with the living soul

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of dignity and strength and beauty. English is not, from the German's point of view, scientific. There has, indeed, as yet, existed only one quite scientific language, and that is Volapük, invented by a German ; yet we do not often hear people in the horse-cars speaking Volapük : while English is supplanting every other form of speech, and is slowly but surely making its way through the uttermost parts of the earth to its ultimate position of the one great universal language. And the spelling is like the language. It is illogical, but it is picturesque ; and the person who would prefer to it a machine-made system invented by pedants and propagated by cranks would prefer the flat monotony of a prairie to the bold and splendid scenery of the Alps, and would turn his back upon a Titian to hang upon his walls a tea-shop chromo.

The accepted spelling is inconsistent. But are the substitutes consistent ? We do not think that one single one of them is consistent. Take, for example, the list prepared by the publishers whom we have spoken of just now. Its spellings are supposed to be constructed on the basis of entire simplicity, rejecting all superfluous and silent letters and giving a purely phonetic expression for the natural sounds. Very well ; then why do we find "Antichrist" instead of "Anticrist," "coquet" instead of "coket," "photograph" instead of "fotograf" ? Why is the *o* preserved in "courtesy" ? Why do they still write the *w* in "wrapt," "wrencht," and "wreakt" ? And why keep both the *c* and the *k* in "wreckt" and "shockt" when either one alone would give the sound sufficiently ? Why write "bugle" and then insert a phonetically superfluous *e* in "beuty" ? What, from a "reformer's" point of view, is the value of the *c* in "Czar" ? And so we might go on indefinitely. Every one of these spellings is quite inconsistent with the principle professed by the "reformers," and is open to all the criticism which they lavish on the accepted forms.

But far more serious still is another fact. When they ask us to give up the historic spelling and to substitute a phonetic system, which particular system do they mean ? For the "reformers" are not agreed among themselves. They squabble together with just as much acrimony as they display against their common enemy. Every reformer has his own pet system ; and this spelling reform is like the private interpretation of the Scriptures. As soon as you admit that each individual may interpret the Bible for himself, you have exactly as many theologies as there are ignoramuses who can manage to spell out a chapter in the King James Version ; and so, as soon as you let go of the accepted orthography of English, a whole swarm of grotesque spellings will come buzzing about your ears, each claiming to be *the* only simple and scientific method. It might be all very well if the English-speaking peoples had an institution of recognised authority, like the Academies of France and Spain, to give us our linguistic law, to decide upon a single substitute, and to strengthen it with the sanction of their collective learning ; but we have no such thing, and hence the chaos of cacography that overwhelms the person who is sincerely seeking for a truly scientific system. The list that we have mentioned presents only a few hundred altered spellings for our acceptance, and tells us that these are quite enough. The American Philological Association would go further and reform the spelling of whole classes of English words. Yet both of these attempts are laughed to scorn as timid and illogical and feeble by the wilder fanatics of "refawrm," who very naturally say that if you are going to admit the necessity of change, why should you not change everything once for all, and make a clean sweep of it, and put the orthography of English absolutely and entirely on a pure phonetic basis ?

We really think that these persons are the only reformers who occupy a logical position ; though even they cannot agree among themselves. For the more advanced of them would go much further even than a radical change of spelling. They would reconstruct the letters of the alphabet and give us a set of new characters fully in accord with the latest views of the most advanced phoneticists—characters that shall represent the nicest distinctions of the *Lautlehre*, with little dots and inverted letters and interspersed italics and diacritical points. We remember that there is, or used to be, a journal published in the heart of Western Pennsylvania which was devoted to this extreme

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kind of reform and printed in the characters whose use its editors desired to see adopted by the whole English-speaking world. They sent it to us intermittently, and for several months we used to open it and put it aside under the impression that it was a publication in the Magyar or Polish or Czechish tongue brought out for the benefit of those interesting Turanians who inhabit that portion of the country, and who, when they are not engaged in organising strikes, amuse themselves by assassinating one another—a most laudable occupation in which we are sure that no judicious person would ever be anxious to discourage them. Well, one day we happened to look at this journal's pages a little more carefully than usual, and we were struck by the curious resemblance of some of its words to English forms of speech. Half an hour of patient study made it clear to us that it was, in fact, written in ordinary English and carefully disguised by nothing but the strictly scientific character of its orthography. We should like to reproduce a little of it here, but unfortunately the typographical resources of our magazine are entirely inadequate; for this simple and easy substitute for the old-time spelling is so very simple and easy that one can't even print a line of it without going to a type-foundry three months in advance and ordering a complete outfit of new type. We can, however, give a specimen of a system which many persons who are somewhat less radical prefer and which imposes a somewhat slighter strain upon a printing office. Even this, however, we should not have been able to do had not the resourceful establishment which has the honour of producing THE BOOKMAN lately acquired a job-lot of umlauts which it is naturally anxious to put to some immediate and practical use. We select, as a means of illustrating this system of spelling, that familiar and soulful little threnody which has been recited in so many homes throughout the land and which has touched so many sympathetic hearts. Here it goes:

"Litl Wili had ä munki
Claiming up ä yelô stik;
Hi sukt dhi yelô pänt ol of,
It mäd him dethli sik;
Dhi huming top iz sailent now,
Dhi bol iz läd asaid,
And dhi munki duzent jump around
Sins litl Wili daid!"

A great point is also made of the argument from authority. It is asserted (quite untruly) that the most eminent students of language are unanimously in favour of this so-called reform; and you will often hear cited with awe the vote of the American Philological Association which some years ago gave a sort of official sanction to a scheme of orthographic change. We are sorry that the Association did this thing; because with the mass of people its authority in this matter has a weight which as a matter of fact it does not in any way deserve. But the question of spelling in reality is not at all a question of scholarship, but rather a question of taste; and on questions of taste the American Philological Association as such is entitled to speak with no more weight than the Ancient Order of Hibernians or the Knights of Labour. Some time ago one of the most distinguished classical professors of Harvard University was asked why he never attended any of the meetings of the American Philological Association; and he replied with an air of unutterable boredom:

"Oh, because if I go I shall have to meet so many persons who wear black trousers!"

We have not ourselves the slightest doubt, indeed, that there are members of the American Philological Association who habitually eat peas with their knives, and possibly drink out of finger-bowls; but their example will hardly result in the establishment of a new social canon.

The Association's dictum, however, has given a certain amount of aid and comfort to persons who, if left to themselves, would never in such a matter have thought of departing from accepted usage. We have in mind an eminent publisher of this city whom we consider it an honour to regard as a personal friend. He is a gentleman of great cultivation, of wide reading, of keen intelligence, and of a very critical taste. This taste would surely have preserved him from the vagaries of the spelling reformer had not these been semi-officially sanctioned by the Philological Association. But now, and just because of that same sanction, he has all his business letters written in their particular brand of spelling. Nevertheless, it is interesting to observe in his case how difficult it is for one to free himself from the

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restraints of his earlier and better days. Whenever he writes a letter in this sort of spelling he obviously feels a certain uneasy consciousness of guilt; for he prints on all his letter-heads a formal explanation that the spelling used is that which has received the approval of the American Philological Association. This is not brave of him; it evinces a timorous desire to escape from the consequence of his own errors and to shift them to the backs of others; and it also shows quite clearly how a good man loses all his nerve when once he has departed from the path of conscious rectitude. Many other persons give unconscious testimony to the same thing in one slight but very curious way. We refer to those who have been misled by Webster and the compilers of the Century Dictionary into dropping the *u* that gives dignity and sonorousness to such words as "honour," "splendour," "valour," and the rest; yet who almost invariably, in writing the word "Saviour," spell it in the proper way. They probably never stop to think just why they do this; but the thing is really an instinctive recognition on their part that the dropping of the *u* entails a loss of dignity, and their sense of reverence unconsciously recoils from corrupting a name so sacred into "Savior."

Here and there and with considerable difficulty one may discover a stray victim to the teachings of spelling "reform" whose infatuation it is not easy to account for. Such, for instance, is our accomplished friend, Professor Brander Matthews, whose perfect taste would naturally make him one of the very last to be misled in such a way as this. He does not, indeed, go very far, adopting only such comparatively harmless freaks as "catalog," "program," and "specter," and omitting the *u* in such words as those that we have mentioned just above. We have often puzzled over the question as to why he goes even so far as this, and we have constructed a little theory of our own which ascribes it to his inveterate Anglophobia. For we are quite sure that if the English were to adopt the Websterian spelling, Professor Matthews would very, very soon experience a conservative reaction. As it is, it always gives us a peculiar pleasure to secure one of his manuscripts for THE BOOKMAN, since then we personally go over his proofs, fill in the silent letters, and supply the omitted *u's* and metathesise the *er's*. We are fully aware that when he sees what we have done he has a most intense conviction that there are things which may strain even the truest friendship to the breaking point. But we, on our side, look at the proceeding in a very different way; for we feel that in revising his orthography we are conserving his reputation—that, in fact, we are saving him from himself. For to perceive a style, like his, of so much grace and beauty and distinction all marred and vulgarised by phonetic spelling, produces on the cultivated mind a shock like that which would be felt if one should get a sudden and unexpected glimpse of the Venus di Milo rigged out in calico bloomers.

It may be inferred from what has gone before that we are slightly out of sympathy with a reformed spelling of the English language. Yet so mysterious are the dispensations of Providence that nothing in this world is really lost; and to this great and most impressive law even phonetic spelling offers no exception. At first perhaps one finds it rather difficult to see just how and why it ever was permitted to exist, and why its advocates should even temporarily be allowed to thrive and flourish like a green bay tree; but a little careful thought will solve the problem in a very satisfactory way. That the great classics of the language should ever be crippled and defiled by appearing in this grotesque cacography would be intolerable to every reader of fine feeling; yet there does exist a form of literature that finds a most appropriate setting here—a setting in fact so perfectly in keeping, so thoroughly in accordance with the eternal fitness of things, as to make a very strong appeal to one's instinctive sense of harmony. Those gentlemen, for instance, who write the glowing advertisements of Plymouth Rock Pants—would not their eulogies gain many an added charm if spelled phonetically? The cheapness of the Pants, their reliability and moral worth—how should these things be properly set forth if not in such a form of spelling as the wearers of the Pants would probably prefer? And when we come upon a rhapsody beginning with the words "Chew Beeman's Gum," would not the gumminess of the gum be gummier if it were made to ooze

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into the mind through the medium of phonetic spelling? We think so; we really think so.

Now, if the proposed substitutes for the regular spelling of English words be no improvement in respect to real simplicity, consistency, uniformity, and convenience; and if, in addition, they are less true to the history of the language, if they do violence to well-established sentiment and custom, if they would introduce unlimited confusion, and if they are grotesque beyond belief, then why in the name of common sense should any one be anxious to adopt them? There is no use of talking and writing and publishing long arguments about analogies and derivations and phonetic bases, and abnormal types, and assimilative forms. One great colossal fact stands out so overwhelmingly as to dominate the whole interminable controversy. "Fonetik Refawrm" is hopelessly, unspeakably, and sickeningly vulgar; and this is an eternal reason why men and women of taste, refinement, and discrimination will reject it with a shudder of disgust.

The written forms of English words will change in time, as the language itself will change. It will change in its vocabulary, in its idioms, in its pronunciation, and perhaps to some extent in its structural form. For change is the one essential and inevitable phenomenon of a living language, as it is of any living organism. And with these changes, slow and silent and unconscious, will come a change in the orthography. But all these gradual modifications will be the work of new necessities, of new influences, of new conditions; and when they come they will come as a part of the history of English. While our native speech still thrives and flourishes, they will mark the progress of its grand development and growth; and when it sinks to its decline, they will trace the history of its decay. They will be like the changes in the later Latin, made quite unconsciously on the lips and pens of those who vainly strove for classical perfection, and whose very errors are to-day so fruitful in the scientific study of Romance philology. But they will never to any extent be due to the whims of frantic faddists, nor will they ever be mechanically injected into universal usage at the whim of a little group of language-tinkers; for against these ludicrous attempts true scholarship and right reason will interpose an adamantine barrier, and will successfully defend the dignity, the purity, and the permanence of our noble mother tongue.

Harry Thurston Peck.

POPPIES RED.

Let poppies bloom by the lonely urn
  Where you shall lay me when I am dead;
By its pearl-stained marble let them bloom
  To stifle your sighs with their lips of red.

And let no willows weep there for me,
  But 'neath the fume of the peacock sky
Have calm-eyed children come silently
  To lay me down when the dusk is nigh.

I shall not know—I shall not know
  What tears the poppies' ripe wounds shall bear;
Come you and gather them in the glow
  And twine their gules in your smooth black hair.

Thomas Walsh.

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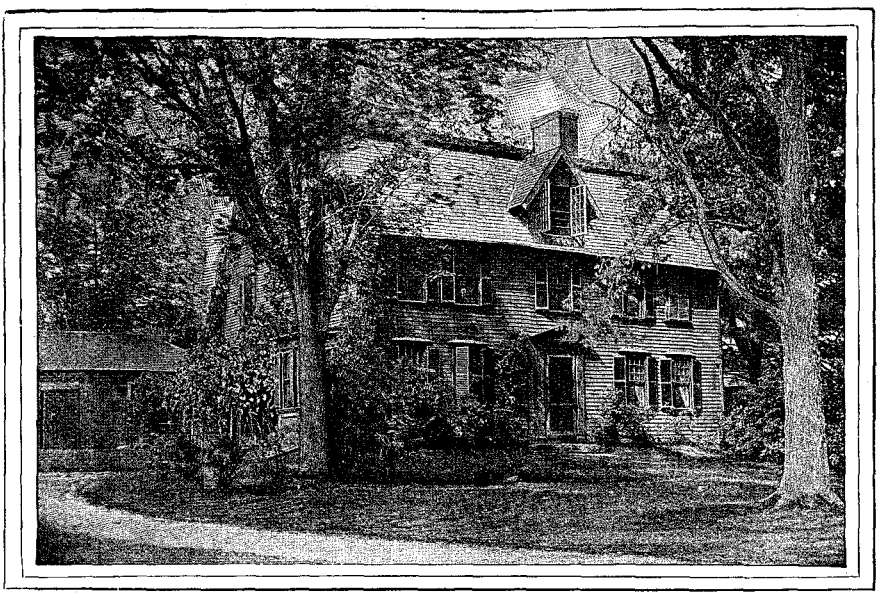

THE OLD MANSE, THE FIRST CONCORD HOME OF EMERSON AND HAWTHORNE.

AMERICAN BOOKMEN.

VIII.—EMERSON AND CONCORD.

When Dr. Holmes finished his *Life of Emerson* in 1884, he wrote in a letter about it: "The truth is that Emerson's life and writings have been so *darned over* by biographers and critics that a new hand can hardly tell his own yarn from that of his predecessors, or one of theirs from another's." Three years later appeared the more complete *Memoir of Ralph Waldo Emerson*, by James Elliot Cabot, his literary executor, and almost incessantly since then the process of darning and re-darning has been kept up. It is less with the hope, therefore, of saying new things than of refreshing the memory of the old that any attempt to consider the circumstances of Emerson's life must now be made. The teachings of his philosophy may receive new illumination from its disciples. New applications of it to new problems will doubtless be possible for many years to come. The story of his living told itself, and it is enough if somebody will merely repeat it from time to time. It is its own interpretation, and needs no commentator to point out either the seeming unattainableness of some of its standards for common flesh and blood, or the lofty value of its example as a freed life of intellect and spirit, a breath as of "winds, austere and pure," in the thick air of a workaday world.

There are two ways of using a village as a place to live in. The one is to take the freedom from the engrossing concerns of city life as an excuse for falling back upon the pettinesses of a small community, and standing so close to trivial things that their size is magnified out of all proportion, and the prospect of larger things beyond is blotted out. The other way is to use one's freedom for seeing things both near and far in their true dimensions. The Massachusetts village of Concord, for a considerable part of our century, has been a place where the practice of this second method was to be found. Any village in which Emerson, Hawthorne, and Thoreau, to cite its greatest names, were living at one time must have been such a place. It is not unnatural that the villagers themselves should have magnified the importance of some of their lesser names. When the amusing writer who made it his task to describe America and the Americans from the

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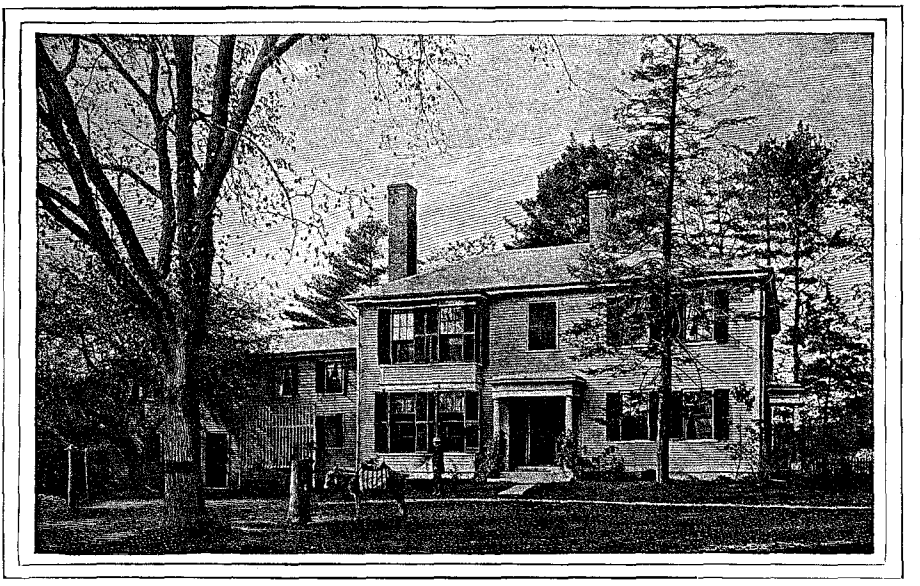

EMERSON'S HOUSE AT CONCORD.

French point of view, native or acquired, was taken to Concord, he had to confess that some of the names with which he was expected to be familiar—"that of a man named Alcott, for example"—were quite unknown to him. His point of view was as much that of the outside world as Alcott's own outlook seems to have been parochial. Emerson himself told the story of having asked Alcott one day what he could show for himself, what he had really done to justify his existence. "If Pythagoras came to Concord," was the triumphant reply, "whom would he ask to see?" The sage was safe in his retort, but whatever the parochial illusions may have been, any pilgrim to Concord in the days of its distinction must have recognized it as a place where the better sort of village life was eagerly lived, and have known that men and not the village had brought him on his pilgrimage.

Of all the men of thought and letters who contributed in a greater and less degree to this distinction of the town, Thoreau was the only one who was born in Concord. Yet Emerson, by every right of inheritance, was more truly its son. The town was founded by a direct ancestor, the Rev. Peter Bulkeley, who came to America in 1635. His granddaughter married an Emerson, a minister, who died in Concord in 1680; and his grandson, William Emerson, the minister of the town at the time of the Revolution and the first occupant of the "Old Manse," was the grandfather of Ralph Waldo Emerson, whose father was another Rev. William Emerson, minister of the First Church in Boston. Made up of ministers and graduates of Harvard College, the race was eminently of the sort which Dr. Holmes has defined as academic. Ralph Waldo, born in Boston on May 25th, 1803, was the fourth of eight children. Two girls and a boy died in early childhood, and of the boys that remained their remarkable aunt, Mary Moody Emerson, well said, "They were born to be educated."

This was no easy end for their mother to achieve in the straitened days that followed the death of the Rev. William Emerson in 1811. But the First Church and a few kind friends and kinsmen lent their aid, and the established training of good Bostonians, through the Latin School and Harvard College, was made possible. There were times when Ralph, as he was then called, and his brother Edward had to share the use of one overcoat, and jeering school-fellows would ask, "Whose turn is it to-day?" The boys helped in the household duties, such as driving the cow from the house

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where they once lived, near the present site of the Boston Athenæum, to a pasture beyond the Common, and took far less time for play than for the improvement of their minds. At school and college Emerson made himself the name which is commonly won by studious boys of slender health and means, and of talents not phenomenal. He was fourteen years old when he entered Harvard College, and became "President's freshman," a kind of errand-boy for the faculty, with the privilege *ex officio* of serving as a waiter at commons, and paying thereby for three fourths of his own board. During his course he took prizes for dissertations and declamation, and wrote the class poem after seven youths had declined the honor; but at the end his college rank was only a little above the middle of the class.

A CURIOUS EARLY PORTRAIT OF EMERSON.

From college Emerson followed the path he might have been expected to take, the path of a school-teacher. His purpose to make it the means of approach to the ministry was less definite than in many cases like his own. It seems to have been a disappointment to him that in teaching others he did not learn more himself. His scholars in various places, however, were unconscious of shortcomings. One of them has recorded the efficacy of his reproof, consisting merely of the words, "Oh, sad!" soberly spoken to a youthful offender. His own youthfulness was not overlooked by the young ladies, some of them older than himself, whom he taught in Boston. On Election Day, it is told, they used to ask him for a holiday that he might vote, and would rejoice in the blushes of their master, still a minor. To Emerson the period was one of dissatisfaction and drudgery. In his journal of 1824, a week before he came of age, he made the entry: "I deliberately dedicate my time, my talents, and my hopes to the Church;" and before a year had passed—that is, in February of 1825—he found himself established in Divinity Hall at Cambridge as a student for the ministry.

The ministerial period of Emerson's life was full of struggle and perplexity. Ill health was the first obstacle he had to overcome. The weakness of his eyes interrupted his studies at once, and the weakness of his lungs made it necessary for him to spend nearly the whole winter and spring of 1827 in the South. Then there were inward questionings about the rightfulness of his place even within the flexible boundaries of Unitarianism. Whatever the younger men of his day may be writing to aunts who have their confidence, Emerson at twenty-three was not using the language of his contemporaries when he wrote to Mary Moody Emerson: "'Tis a queer life, and the only humour proper to it seems quiet astonishment." One of the maxims of his life, early inculcated by this strenuous aunt, was, "Always do what you are afraid to do." Both in the earlier and in the later days of his ministry this rule must have been in some measure his guide. He did not do the easy thing in establishing himself successfully as a minister; and when the time came to choose between the pleasant incumbency of the Second Church in Boston and an adherence to his personal opinion in a matter of worship, it would have been the course of

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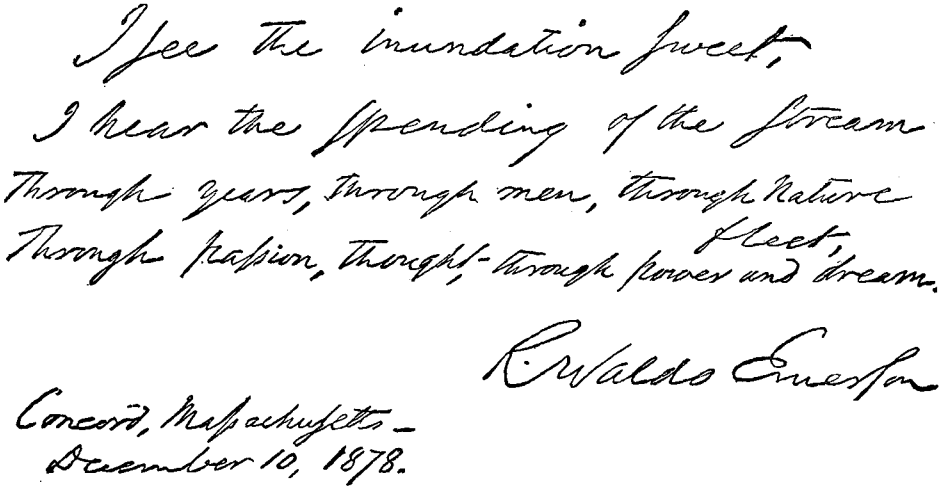
least resistance to retain his post and modify his views. The issue between him and his parishioners was vital; he had ceased to think the regular administration of the communion essential or even desirable; naturally his people thought otherwise. He made no attempt to impose his views upon them, but when it was clear that no common ground was tenable, he set forth in a sermon his reasons for thinking as he did, and brought to an end his connection with the parish. There was the best of good feeling on each side. In many ways he had shown eminent fitness for the ministry. When a good choir sang, "its best was coarse and discordant after Emerson's voice." His sermons delighted even those who



AUTOGRAPH LINES FROM EMERSON'S "TWO RIVERS."

failed to understand them. The sincerity of his more personal relations and the inherent charm of the man made him abundantly beloved. In his strictly ministerial functions it appears that he was not always successful. The story is told that once when he was called to the death-bed of a Revolutionary soldier, and showed some difficulty in administering the usual consolations, the veteran summoned all his strength to exclaim: "Young man, if you don't know your business, you had better go home." But it was the inward voice and not rebuffs like this that brought him to the wise decision that his work in the world could not be that of a regular minister.

Emerson had married his first wife, Miss Ellen Louisa Tucker, in September of 1829, and early in 1831 she had died. It was in 1832 that he resigned his ministry at the Second Church. It is no wonder that the end of a period so filled with anxiety was marked by the breaking down of his own health. On Christmas Day of 1832 he sailed in a small brig for the Mediterranean, and devoted the greater part of 1833 to regaining his strength in Italy, France, and England. That he could describe Venice as "a great oddity, a city for beavers, but, to my thought, a most disagreeable residence," may suggest that the picturesque interest of foreign lands was less to him than the human. Indeed, it was the hope of searching out Carlyle, in whose contributions to the English reviews he had detected the accent of a spiritual kinsman, that hurried him from Paris to London, and from London to Craigenputtuck in Scotland, where guest and host each discovered in a day and night what was best in the other, and laid the foundations of the friendship which for nearly forty years survived the difficulties of correspondence. The basis of their sympathy has been well defined by Dr. Holmes: "The hatred of unreality was uppermost with Carlyle; the love of what is real and genuine with Emerson." It was through Emerson in the thirties that Carlyle first found an American audience, and through Emerson in 1870 Carlyle's gift of the books he had purchased and used in writing *Cromwell* and *Frederick the Great* was made to Harvard College.

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R. Waldo Emerson

From an engraving, by W. Wright Smith, of the crayon drawing by Rowse

It has often been questioned, however, whether the friendship could have been so well maintained if Carlyle had yielded to Emerson's constant solicitations to come to Concord.

In Concord Emerson established himself soon after his return from Europe. Before his second marriage, in 1835, to Miss Lydia Jackson, of Plymouth, he and his mother went to live in the "Old Manse" with the Rev. Dr. Ripley, who long before had become the second husband of Emerson's grandmother. Here he worked upon his essay, "Nature," which, published anonymously in 1836, was the first important statement of his philosophy; and here he bore the first weeks of grief for the death of his gifted younger "brother of the brief, but blazing star," Edward Bliss Emerson, of whom he wrote in prose, "I am bereaved of a part of myself," and in poetry the lines, "In Memoriam." Within two years died another brother, Charles Chauncy Emerson, who was soon to have married Miss Elizabeth Hoar, of Concord, and Emerson wrote to his young wife: "You must be content henceforth with only a piece of your husband; for the best of his strength lay in the soul with which he must no more on earth take counsel." It was the same sense of loss which found expression in the "Threnody" on the death of his oldest child, Waldo, in 1842:

> "The eager fate which carried thee
> Took the largest part of me:
> For this losing is true dying;
> This is lordly man's down-lying."

When Emerson "dodged the doom of building," and, in 1835, bought the Coolidge house, standing on the road over which the British fled from Concord to Lexington, he settled into the ways of life from which thenceforth he made few departures. For about three years he continued to preach in one place and another where he was wanted, and then made a complete end of his active ministry. But there were other ways of delivering to men the messages he had to impart, and the lecture took with him the place of the sermon. The growth of the lyceum system was opportune for Emerson. "His, if any one's," said Alcott, "let the institution pass into history, since his art, more than another's, has clothed it with beauty, and made it the place of popular resort." Early and late, east and

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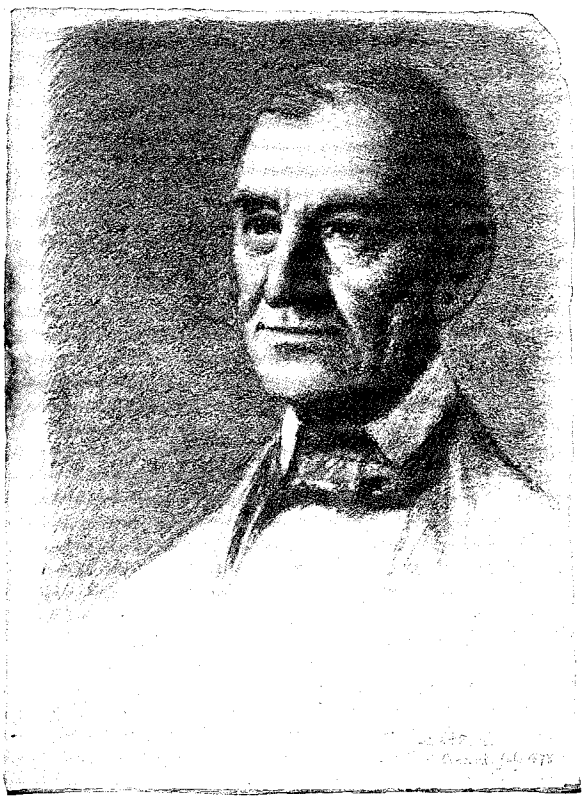

EMERSON IN 1878.

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west, he went about with his lectures, bearing delight and stimulus to many minds. For the discomforts he suffered, his journal speaks :

"It was, in short—this dragging a decorous old gentleman out of home and out of position, to this juvenile career—tantamount to this : 'I'll bet you fifty dollars a day for three weeks that you will not leave your library, and wade, and freeze, and ride, and run, and suffer all manner of indignities, and stand up for an hour each night reading in a hall ;' and I answer, 'I'll bet I will.' I do it and win the nine hundred dollars."

The beginnings of this work were made nearer home, in courses of lectures in Boston, in the notable Phi Beta Kappa oration, "The American Scholar" at Harvard, in 1837, and in the address to the Senior Class of the Divinity School at Cambridge in 1838. The religious radicalism of this address caused indeed what Emerson defined in a letter to Carlyle as a "storm in our washbowl." It determined Emerson's separation from the churches, and, for many years, from his *alma mater*. The University at the close of the war made amends for its share in the estrangement by asking him to speak at the commemoration exercises ; in 1866 he was made an overseer and a Doctor of Laws ; and in 1867 he delivered for the second time a Phi Beta Kappa oration. It was after hearing this that Lowell wrote to Mr. Norton the words which described all the weaknesses of Emerson's oratory, especially in later years, and also set forth its peculiar strength :

"It began nowhere, and ended everywhere, and yet, as always with that divine man, it left you feeling that something beautiful had passed that way—something more beautiful than anything else, like the rising and setting of stars. . . . He boggled, he lost his place, he had to put on his glasses ; but it was as if a creature from some fairer world had lost his way in our fogs, and it was *our* fault, not his."

If the lecturing began near home, the source of the lectures themselves was still more intimate. Through all of Emerson's life he kept a journal, of which he wrote in 1837 :

"This book is my savings bank. I grow richer because I have somewhere to deposit my earnings, and fractions are worth more to me because corresponding fractions are waiting here that shall be made integers by their addition."

To Carlyle Emerson wrote in 1840 :

"I dot evermore in my endless journal a line on every knowable in nature ; but the arrangement loiters long, and I get a brick-kiln instead of a house."

From this store of material the builder frequently drew when the time came to write. If his writing has been found disjointed by others, and has seemed to himself a collection of "paragraphs irrepressible, each sentence an infinitely repellent particle," it is well to remember this fractional origin of it. If the form has suffered, surely the spirit has gained in the spontaneity of thoughts recorded almost at the moment of their birth. From the journal to the lecture, from the lecture to the essay, pruned of anecdote and illustration—such was the evolution of a great part of Emerson's prose. Many of the poems had a sim-

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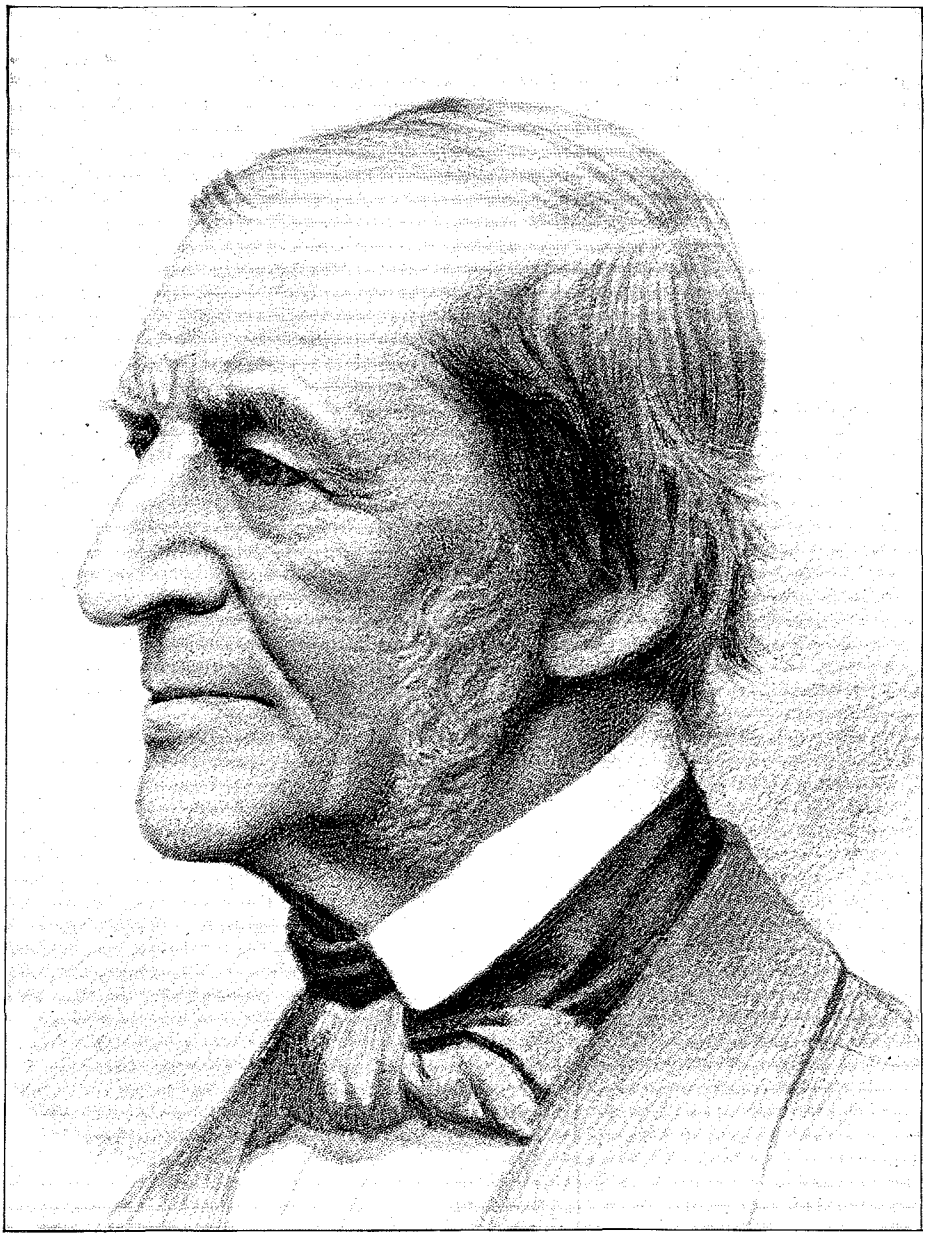

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

From an original drawing, artist unknown, now reproduced through the courtesy of W. E. Benjamin.

ilar origin. Extracts from the journal have shown the first conceptions, for example, of his "Two Rivers" and "Sea-Shore." Of "Days" there is the remarkable record in the journal for 1852, almost as of another "Kubla Khan :"

"I find one state of mind does not remember or conceive of another state. Thus I have written within a twelvemonth verses (Days) which I do not remember the composition or correction of, and could not write the like to-day, and have only for proof of their being mine various external evidences, as the manuscripts in which I find them, and the circumstances that I have sent copies to friends, etc. Well if they had been better, if it had been a noble poem, perhaps it would have only more entirely taken up the ladder into heaven."

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A. Bronson Alcott.

Like many other men, Emerson valued his poetry more highly than his prose, because it was not a thing which he could produce at will. "I can breathe at any time," he once said to a friend, "but I can only whistle when the right pucker comes."

In the homely humour of a hundred sentences like this Emerson has left sufficient proof of the qualities that saved him from follies which his friends of the Transcendental brotherhood did not escape. In his own metaphor, he hitched his wagon to a star, but in Dr. Holmes's, "he never let go the string of his balloon." Though he could not bring himself to join the communities of Brook Farm and Fruitlands, he made attempts at home to simplify his mode of life. One of these was to seat his servants at his own table, and the plan was thwarted only by the obduracy of the cook, who looked upon human relations through no mist of theories. At one time he believed in tilling his own ground, but soon after his infant son stopped his work by saying, "Papa, I am afraid you will dig your leg," he surrendered the hoe and spade to hands more skilled in their use. His known sympathy with all independence of thought brought many a strange "devastator of the day" to his gates, and each was received with friendly consideration. Once a Russian appeared, so bent upon his projects, that he scorned to take off his hat in the house. "Very well, then," said Emerson, "we will talk in the yard," and under the apple-trees the interview was conducted. It must have been of men like this that Emerson, when one of them wished an introduction to him, said: "Whom God hath put asunder, why should man join together?"

Hawthorne wrote of Concord in 1845: "It was necessary to go but a little way beyond my threshold before meeting with stranger moral shapes of men than might have been encountered elsewhere in a circuit of a thousand miles." These were the pilgrims who came to see Emerson, but some of the Concord folk themselves were strange enough. George William Curtis could see the drollery of the meetings at Emerson's house of a group which contained such persons as Emerson himself, Hawthorne, Thoreau, Alcott, Ellery Channing, and he might have added Margaret Fuller, Emerson's predecessor in the editorship of the transcendental *Dial*, if Mr. Greeley had not brought her to earth as a literary critic for the New York *Tribune*. They sat about, said Curtis, in a silence which seemed to ask, "Who will now proceed to say the finest thing that has ever been said?" It was somewhat like the Boston Transcendental "club of the like-minded," so called, said one of its members, "because no two of us thought alike." To be absolutely one's self, to omit from the mind all that had come to it by tradition—as Emerson once advised a seeker after transcendental truth—this was the chief intellectual and spiritual purpose of the men who recognised Emerson as their leader. The fulfilment of this purpose led them, of course, into various directions. It took Thoreau, "half college graduate and half Algonquin," after he had given up the making of lead-pencils, because he

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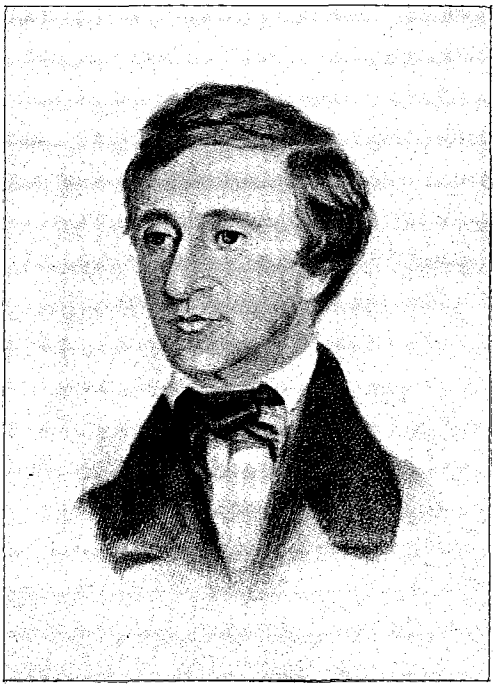
would not do twice what he had once done well, to the banks of Walden Pond. The good Whittier could see little virtue in an experiment which proved "that if a man is willing to sink himself into a woodchuck he can live as cheaply as that quadruped." But Emerson saw all that was best in Thoreau, for two years an occupant of his house, and Thoreau, with all his individuality, undoubtedly owed much to Emerson. The expression of Alcott's personality bore him into the clouds of philosophic discourse, and the public utterances of the soliloquies to which he gave the strange name of "Conversations." Emerson placed a value on Alcott's mind which was shared by few of his contemporaries, and perhaps even fewer of the later generation. At one time he wished that Alcott and his whole family would come and live with him, but Mrs. Alcott's wise veto averted the trouble which would have been sure to follow. Emerson's admiration, however, was tempered by his good sense, and he saw as clearly as anybody the most obvious of Alcott's limitations. For some time, indeed, his eyes were obliged to rest upon a tangible reminder of his friend's shortcomings in practical matters. In 1847 Alcott essayed to build Emerson a summer-house. The result was a structure which, in its first and best estate, Emerson's mother called "The Ruin." Thoreau tried to help him build it, but had to admit: "I feel as if I were nowhere doing nothing."

The impression of Emerson as dwelling in cloudland, the central figure in a company of ethereal shapes, is somewhat removed when he is seen before other backgrounds than those of transcendentalism. His fellow-townsmen began by giving him the office of hog-reeve, usually bestowed upon newly married men, and in later years found him constantly eager for the well-being of the place, not only in wishes, but in service. If he had given the town nothing but the lines which live with "the embattled farmer" of French's noble statue, it would have been much. But there were many local "occasions" made richer by the voice and wisdom of Emerson. There was no little significance in the words of a simple woman who brought her work to an early end one day to go to a lecture of Emerson's before the Concord Lyceum. When she was asked if she could understand him, she replied: "Not a word, but I like to go and see him stand up there and look as if he thought every one was as good as he was." Through his friendships in Boston, especially after the foundation of the *Atlantic Monthly* and the Saturday Club in 1857, he was brought often into contact with men of the world, in the best sense of that elastic phrase. The names of the men associated with the beginnings of these two organisations are too well known to need repetition. Emerson had great pleasure in their society, and of his effect upon them, perhaps Lowell spoke for all when he wrote to a friend: "He is as sweetly high minded as ever, and when one meets him the Fall of Adam seems a false report. Afterward we feel our throats, and are startled by the tell-tale lump there."



THOREAU IN EARLY LIFE.

As all men are judged by their companions or the books on their shelves, so we wish to know of the men who lived through the civil war, what was their part in the conflict or their attitude toward it. Emerson was not to be found in the ranks of aggressive anti-slavery in the early days when Whittier and Lowell had dedicated their powers

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Henry D. Thoreau.

to the cause. One so intent upon freedom of thought could not be indifferent to the freedom of men, but violent partisanship of any sort was foreign to Emerson's nature, and for some time his hopefulness made him believe that the differences between the North and South could be adjusted without open disagreement. As the issues defined themselves more clearly, he saw that this could not be. Yet as late as 1855 he urged the Government's purchase for emancipation of all the slaves in the South for the sum of two thousand millions of dollars. If there had been any doubt that Emerson welcomed the war when it came, it would have been removed by the series of poems which he brought one day to Mr. Fields without a title; the editor named them "Volunteries," and printed them at once in the *Atlantic Monthly*. At the end of their third portion is the quatrain, quoted as often as any lines of Emerson's:

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, *Thou must*,
The youth replies, *I can*."

Of Emerson's written words which justify the recent statement that he sent ten thousand men to the war, these must stand in the forefront.

To Emerson's second visit to Europe, in 1847–48, for the purpose of lecturing in England, we owe his *English Traits*. For him it was, like the lecturing tours in the Middle States and West, one of the strong counteracting influences against the dangers of living too long in a small community. In 1871 and 1872 he made the last long journeys of his life, to California and to Europe and the Nile. In the time between these journeys he had been driven from his house in Concord by fire, and on his return from Europe, in May of 1873, he was met not only with the public demonstration of his townsmen, who escorted him with music from the train to his house, but with the private delight of finding the house rebuilt and restored to its former condition through the kindness of personal friends. From this time forth his public appearances were rare, and within a few years they were given over entirely. There was a gradual failure of the memory, noticeable especially in his attempts to recall the names of familiar objects, and often of dear friends. "My memory hides itself," he said. In spite of disabilities, however, he spent much time in his last years in helping Mr. Cabot, his literary executor, to fix the final form of some of his writings. When the end, so gradual in its approach,

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really came, it came very quickly. A severe cold passed into pneumonia, and on April 27th, 1882, Emerson died, within a month of his seventy-ninth birthday.

Those who knew Emerson best found in him something ineffable, something which defied the analysis of words. Those who know him only by tradition find in whatever is told about him the complement of his own writings. There he stands aloof from sordid aims, sufficient unto himself, serene, clear-sighted, sensitive, and hopeful. Matthew Arnold, after an elaborate statement of what he is not as a writer, declares succinctly what he is — "the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit." From such an one it is not to be expected that all the needs of man will derive sustenance, for man is not a bloodless creature of mind and spirit only. There is more than the

"hidden ground
Of thought and
of austerity within;"

but it is to this portion of our nature that Emerson especially ministers. Others can give us other things. Emerson's gift, for which it is well to be humbly grateful, is as unmistakably from himself as the life he chose to live was his own.

S. Margaret Fuller

This were a late hour to begin a new discussion of Emerson's place as an essayist and poet, a philosopher, an interpreter of man to himself, of nature and of universal law. His writings are so easily within the reach of all, that even the few to whom they are closed books have but to open them. "Glad when you speak my thoughts, and skipping the page that has nothing for me," such was Emerson's own rule of reading, and doubtless he would have had others come to him in the same spirit. "If you see truth as he does," said one of his admirers, "you will recognise him for a gifted teacher; if not, there is little or nothing to be said." But whether one's angle of vision corresponds with Emerson's or not, this circumstance cannot be overlooked, that of all the liberating influences which have affected the thought of men since Emerson's voice was first heard in the world, there has probably been among us no single personal agency of wider scope than his. The very men who would be last to confess it are in his debt. Their disagreement from opinions to be found on one page of his writings is in all probability tempered with a generosity which they have learned on another page. "An iconoclast without a hammer," Dr. Holmes once called him, "who took down our idols from their pedestals so tenderly that it seemed like an act of worship." It is not necessary to share in all the beliefs or unbeliefs of such an iconoclast to gain many things from the imitation of his spirit.

M. A. De Wolfe Howe.

The subject of thenext paper in this series to appear in the December BOOKMAN *will be "Nathaniel Hawthorne."*

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TANTALUS.

Deep the dusk of the darkened room,
Touched with a sombre tinge of gloom.
Curtained window and hooded wall
Prison the silence of evenfall ;
While, from the hearthstone's ample pyre,
Thin red flames of the sea-coal fire
Pierce through the wreathing rings of smoke
To gleam on the panels of polished oak.

Over the hearth, with a dreamy air,
Bends a form that is brooding there ;
One who reads in the heart of flame,
Changing ever yet still the same,
All the tale of an ended strife,
All the years of a happy life ;
Years of the past that have gone before,
Years that the future holds in store,
Blazing there in their frame of night,
Written in letters of lambent light.

First in the pictured past he sees
Plenty and peace and fruitful ease ;
Labour crowned with a swift success,
Free from the taint of bitterness ;

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Friends whose truth he has learned of old,—
Faithful friends with the heart of gold ;
And men have praised and women have smiled,
He has heard the laugh of a loving child,
And never a sky is overcast
In the sunlit years of the pictured past.

Flames the fire : it glints and glows
Red as the heart of a royal rose.
There the path of the coming years
Bright in the blazing fire appears,
Still the tale of a conquered fate,
Still the promise of guerdon great :
Fortune's favour that giveth all ;
Gold that gleams at the master's call ;
Honour and health and hope unroll
Written large in the flaming scroll,
Till at the last he sees his name
Touched by the spark that men call Fame.

Just for a moment he stirs—and then,
Bending over the fire again,
Seeks and finds in the fateful coal
The hidden thought of his secret soul.
Clear and true in its subtle grace
Glows the curve of a woman's face,
Fringed with tresses in silken strands,
And lightly leant on a woman's hands.

Leaps his heart and his pulses swell
At the haunting charm that he knows so well—
Eyes that promise and then deny,
Wake desire and bid it die,
Lips whose kiss it were all to win,
Sweet as the savour of secret sin,
And hands that were made so slim and white
To beckon a lover through the night.

Long he looks on the scorching scroll,
Looks and longs with a yearning soul ;
Looks till the red pales into grey,
Looks till the picture fades away
And his aching eyes with a mist are dim,
For well does he know they are not for him.
Not for him is the sweet surprise
That lures and laughs in the slumbrous eyes,
Not for him is the loosened tress,
Not for him is the long caress,
And the warm white hands and the fingers slim
That thrill with a touch are not for him.

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Thus, though the past is flushed with light,
Though the future shines with a promise bright,
His heart is stilled by a sudden pain,
Past and Present and Future wane,
And all would he give for the hope within
Of that which he sought and failed to win.

Deepens the dusk : the sea-coals burn,
Into a dull grey ash they turn.
One by one each crimson eye
Dies in the dark as passions die ;
Till, when only an after-glow,
Sombre and sullen and strange and slow,
Fades and falls to a fitful gleam,
What is left of the vanished dream ?
Only the throb of a dumb desire
And the flickering flame of the failing fire.

Harry Thurston Peck.

AN EPOCH-MAKING LEXICON.

That there is an urgent demand for a great Latin lexicon, on modern lines, is obvious to any serious student of the language. The rapid advances which have been made in all branches of classical philology, and the vast amount of new material which has come to light, particularly in the form of inscriptions, together with the progress which has marked the science of lexicography itself, have rendered the earlier works in that line antiquated. Even De Vit's revision of Forcellini's great dictionary is very far from being satisfactory, and the excellent handbook of the late Professor Georges, while admirable for the purpose for which it was designed, and in not a few respects superior to the Forcellini-De Vit, does not pretend to fill the gap.

For the carrying out of such an undertaking we naturally look to Germany ; and in fact the project has been agitated there at intervals for upward of a century. In 1858 fulfilment seemed near at hand, when Max II., King of Bavaria, guaranteed the sum of 10,000 gulden for the purpose, and Professors Ritschl, Halm, and Fleckeisen received editorial charge of the work. But just as everything seemed to be progressing favorably, certain difficulties of organisation rendered the plan abortive. This postponement of the enterprise was not in all respects an unmixed evil, for the thirty years which have elapsed have been years of great activity in classical studies, and the times are now decidedly riper for the successful carrying out of the difficult task. It is true that even now satisfactory editions of very many texts, especially in the later Latin, are not yet at hand ; but the same thing will be true a good many years from now, and there really seems to be no sound reason for further delay.

After the failure of the plan of 1858 nothing definite was done until 1883, when the single-handed enterprise and devotion of one man gave new life to the scheme. This was Professor Wölfflin, the successor of Halm in the chair of Classical Philology at Munich, who, with some support from the Bavarian Academy of Sciences, but at considerable personal expense, established the *Archiv für lateinische Lexikographie und Grammatik*, a periodical whose sole design was to prepare the way for a great thesaurus of the Latin language. The services of a large number of collaborers were secured, and a great amount of material, in the form of Archiv-slips, had been sent in, in answer to the "ques-

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tions" propounded from time to time in the journal, when a new plan was set on foot. The seven volumes of the *Archiv* had, however, met with so cordial a reception from scholars all over the world, and the periodical had fulfilled so good a purpose, that it was continued, although no more questions were set, and no more slips collected. The journal seems likely to have a permanent sphere of usefulness, as a medium for the publication of explanatory matter, and of such parts of the longer lexical articles as must from lack of space be crowded out of the *Thesaurus*. Even after the publication of the great dictionary it may well serve to record the corrections and additions which must inevitably follow in the wake of fresh investigation, thus bearing to the *Thesaurus* the same relation that the *Ephemeris Epigraphica* does to the Corpus of Latin Inscriptions.

The new scheme, which was beyond question inspired by the Munich work, was the direct result of a paper read by Professor Hertz in 1889 before a philological congress at Görlitz. The four leading academies of Germany—those of Berlin, Göttingen, Leipzig, and Munich—together with the Vienna Academy, guaranteed to furnish the sum of 500,000 marks, in twenty annual instalments. An additional profit of from 100,000 to 150,000 marks is looked for from the sales of the book, and the project is thus put on so satisfactory a financial basis, that it seems altogether probable that the opening years of the coming century will witness the birth of the new lexicon. The editorial directors of the enterprise are Professors Bücheler, Leo, and Wölfflin.

Having received a year's leave of absence in the spring of 1896, I determined to spend the greater part of the time in Munich, with the view of getting a more intimate acquaintance with the thesaurus work. Through the kindness of Professor Wölfflin the unexpected opportunity was given me of preparing the article *a*, *ab*, *abs* for the lexicon. At first sight the privilege of spending six months or more in the study of a single preposition might seem a doubtful one; but the amount of material to be handled was so vast, and the questions which arose in connection with the form and the signification were so many-sided, that I have never spent the same amount of time in more profitable or more stimulating work. This article, like all the others which have thus far been published, was based on the Archiv-slips, to which reference has already been made. These slips were the work of many hands, and comprised a collection of the examples of *a*, *ab*, *abs*

Eduard Wölfflin.

from the earliest literature and inscriptions down to the eighth century. The collections were in most cases complete, and the care and accuracy with which this somewhat thankless labour had been performed furnished a striking example of the unselfish devotion of German scholars to the cause of science. The results, when reduced to the briefest possible compass, considerably exceeded the limits of a *Thesaurus* article, and a good part of the matter will be relegated to an explanatory article in the *Archiv*, to which reference will be made in the lexicon article. Even the lexicon article itself must probably be still further reduced before taking its place in the *Thesaurus*.

The plan of the new lexicon was not

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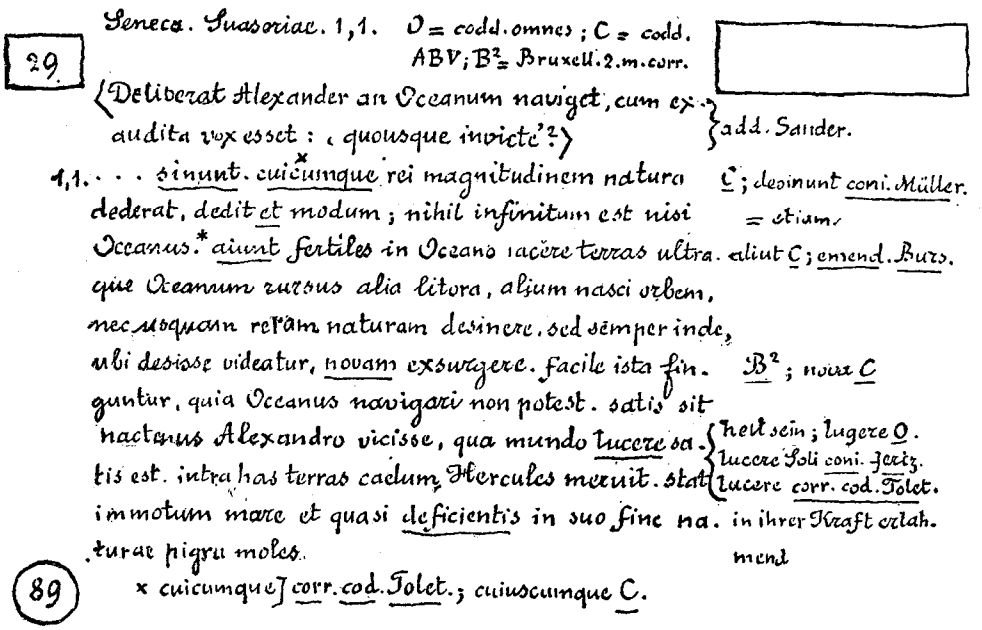
altogether clear to me before my visit to Munich, and is, I find, not generally understood. It does not aim to give all the instances of each word which are to be found in the Latin language. Such a work would be unwieldy and of comparatively little value. For instance, a complete collection of all the cases of the use of *ab* with the ablative to denote the agent would add nothing to our knowledge of the subject which would not be given by a reasonable number of typical examples; and the various phases of this construction could be more easily surveyed and compared in the latter case. In fact, it may be questioned whether absolute unreasoning completeness is desirable even in a special lexicon. The aim of the *Thesaurus* is, then, to give a complete collection of all the words of the language from the earliest times down to Isidorus, with a sufficient number of examples to give a full and connected history of the form, the meaning, and the grammatical life of each word. All superfluous matter will be rigidly excluded; but, on the other hand, nothing essential will be omitted, and each citation will be so printed as to be intelligible and illuminating as it stands, without the necessity of referring to a text. Even explanatory matter will be added where it is necessary, so that a thesaurus article to a trained philologist—and it is perhaps needless to say that the book is designed primarily for that class of readers—will not be a mere collection of examples, but a condensed treatise on the historical grammar of the word in question. In other words, this dictionary will be interesting reading—to those who know how to read it.



FAC-SIMILE OF A LEXICON-SLIP BY PROFESSOR WÖLFFLIN.

For the purposes which I have outlined, the limits of twelve quarto volumes have been deemed sufficient—that is to say, a work of about twice the size of the Forcellini-De Vit. The articles which have so far been written have been made to that scale, which with the *Archiv* and its explanatory articles will probably prove adequate. The result will be a sufficiently complete and thoroughly usable lexicon.

For the next few years the labour will consist almost entirely in the collecting of material, although some of the Archiv-slips will doubtless be worked up into articles. The headquarters are at present Munich, where the prose writers are being handled, under the direction of Professor Wölfflin, and Göttingen, where the poets are being similarly treated by Professor Leo. The organisation is, I

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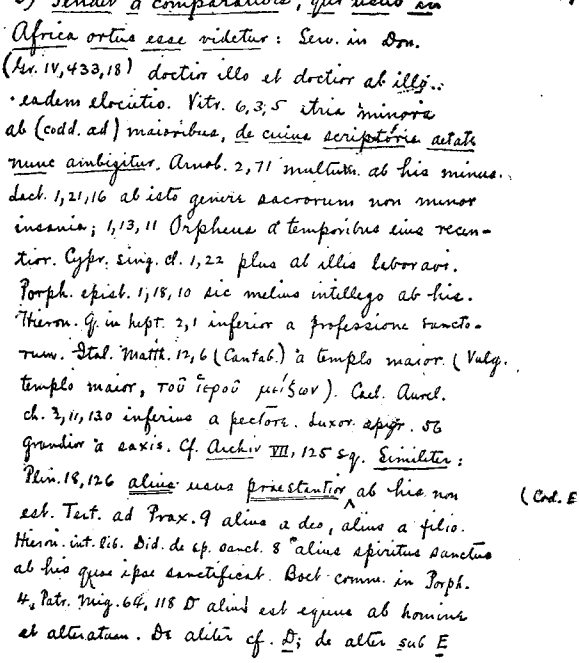
believe, the same at both places, and a description of the work done at Munich will probably give an idea of that at Göttingen.

Professor Eduard von Wölfflin is too well known as a Latinist to require an introduction to American readers. His work has for a long time been appreciated by scholars in this country, but was for the first time formally recognised last June by the University of Michigan, which conferred on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. Personally he is a most kindly and genial man, full of enthusiasm for the great lexicon and for classical studies in general. Although his capacity for work is extraordinary even for a German professor, he enjoys vigorous health, and at the age of sixty-seven, after so many years spent in lexicographical work, his eyesight is so strong that he never uses glasses. He is an unusually interesting lecturer, and in spite of his many duties he devotes an extraordinary amount of time to his students. In fact, great as is his reputation as a Latinist, his influence in Germany is no less wide through the great number of men whom he has trained or influenced. Those who believe that handwriting is an index to character can form a good idea of his personality from the slip on this page, which was written by him; for while I must confess to scepticism with regard to the general question, in this particular case it does seem to me that the neat chirography corresponds to the painstaking methods of the man and his clear-cut mental processes. He signs his letters to his friends "Lupulus," and I felt that a great honor had been conferred on me when those which he sent me during my absence from Munich bore that familiar signature. In spite of his absorption in his work he has a thoroughly human interest in outside matters; and, as is perhaps not generally known, he is a musician of considerable ability, both as performer and composer. He has as his secretary Oskar Hey, a Doctor of Philosophy of the University of Munich, who is both a well-trained scholar and an agreeable and cultured gentleman. Dr. Hey has been assigned to this duty by the Bavarian Government, in place of his regular work as a professor in the royal gymnasia. He spends the greater part of the day at the rooms of the *Thesaurus*, in the building of the Bavarian Academy of Sciences, overseeing and directing the work.


5) Pendet a comparativis, qui usus in Africa ortus esse videtur: Serv. in Don. (Gr. IV, 433, 18) doctior illo et doctior ab illo: eadem elocutio. Vitr. 6, 3, 5 etria minora ab (codd. ad) maioribus, de cuius scriptoris aetate nunc ambigitur. Arnob. 2, 71 multum ab his minus. Lact. 1, 21, 16 ab isto genere sacrorum non minor insania; 1, 13, 11 Orpheus a temporibus eius recentior. Cypr. sing. cl. 1, 22 plus ab illis laboravi. Porph. epist. 1, 18, 10 sic melius intellego ab his. Hieron. q. in hept. 2, 1 inferior a professione sanctorum. Ital. Matth. 12, 6 (Cantab.) a templo maior. (Vulg. templo maior, τοῦ ἱεροῦ μείζων). Cael. Aurel. ch. 2, 11, 130 inferius a pectore. Luxor. spyr. 56 grandior a saxis. Cf. Archiv VII, 125 sq. Similiter: Plin. 18, 126 alius usus praestantior ab his non est. Tert. ad Prax. 9 alius a deo, alius a filio. Hieron. int. lib. Did. de sp. sanct. 8 alius spiritus sanctus ab his quae ipse sanctificat. Boet. comm. in Porph. 4, Patr. Mig. 64, 118 D alius est equus ab homine et alteratum. De aliter cf. D; de alter sub E (Cod. E

PART OF THE FIRST ARTICLE IN THE LEXICON.

This work consists in reducing the prose writers from the earliest times down to Tacitus to slips, like the one represented on page 218, which, as has been said, has the unusual interest of being in the handwriting of Professor Wölfflin himself. These slips are first written out by hand, ordinarily by copyists employed at the modest compensation of from thirty to forty pfennigs an hour. The text of the standard critical edition is followed, and the important variant readings are given in the margin. The number [29], in the upper left-hand corner, gives the position of the elder Seneca in chronological sequence. In this slip there are eighty-nine words: consequently the number (89) is written in the lower left-hand corner, and after the text has been examined and corrected by Dr. Hey, eighty-nine lithographed copies are made of the slip. Then the words are collected: on the first of the eighty-nine slips *Deliberat* is underscored in red, and *delibero* (that is to say, in each case the form which would appear at the head of a lexicon article) is written in

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the rectangle in the upper right-hand corner. On the second slip *Alexander* is similarly treated, and so on, until all the words (including duplicates) have been collected. When all the slips which make up the *Suasoriæ* of Seneca have been finished, they are arranged in the alphabetical order of the words, and stored in boxes of a convenient size and shape. The result is a complete special lexicon, which can be consulted almost as readily as a printed book. The writers down to Tacitus will be treated in this way, except those to whose works satisfactory lexicons have already been published; such as, for example, Merguet's to Cicero and Mensel's to Cæsar. Fügner's lexicon to Livy is proceeding too slowly to be available, and the works of Livy have already been nearly reduced to slips. From the later writers a suitable selection will be made. It will be seen that this material will have an enormous permanent value, apart from its use in the preparation of the *Thesaurus*. In some respects the new slips are less convenient to use than the Archiv-slips, since the passages are far longer, and the citations for the lexicon must be abridged from them; on the other hand, a comparison with a standard text will not be necessary, as the slips themselves form such a text.

The last step, when all the material has been gathered, will be the preparation of the lexicon articles, which will be a question of judicious selection. The details of this work have not yet been arranged, nor has an editor-in-chief as yet been selected.

As Munich has heretofore attracted mostly American students of archæology, it may not be out of place to say in conclusion that the university offers special opportunities to students of philology. The amount of material which is collecting, the *Archiv* with its stimulating and suggestive articles, and especially the uniform kindness and courtesy of the professors, make an unusual combination, while the musical and artistic advantages of the Bavarian capital are too well known to require comment. It may be added that while the Munich degree justly ranks with those of Leipzig and Berlin, only one year's residence is prescribed, and no requirement in philosophy is exacted of foreign students. Of course the degree cannot be taken in a single year except by men of unusual ability and exceptional previous training.

John C. Rolfe.

LAUNCELOT AND GAWAINE.

A poet loved two women. One was dark,
Luxuriant with the beauty of the south,
A heart of fire; and this one he forsook.
The other slender, fair, with wide grey eyes,
Who loved him with a still intensity
That made her heart a shrine; to her he clave,
And he was faithful to her to the end.
And when the poet died, a song was found
Which he had writ of Launcelot and Gawaine;
And when the women read it, one cried out:
"Where got he Launcelot? Gawaine I know—
He drew that picture from a looking-glass!
Sleek, lying, treacherous, golden-tongued Gawaine!"
The other, smiling, murmured "Launcelot!"

Richard Hovey.

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IN KEDAR'S TENTS.*

By Henry Seton Merriman, Author of "The Sowers."

CHAPTER XXV.

SWORDCRAFT.

"Rien n'est plus courageux qu'un cœur patient, rien n'est plus sur de soi qu'un esprit doux."

The general set down his glass, and a queer light came into his eyes, usually so smiling and pleasant.

"Ah! Then you are right, my friend. Tell us your story as quickly as possible."

"It appears," said Concha, "that there has been in progress for many months a plot to assassinate the Queen Regent and to seize the person of the little Queen, expelling her from Spain and bringing in not Don Carlos, who is a spent firework, but a republic, a more dangerous firework, that usually bursts in the hands of those that light it. This plot has been finally put into shape by a letter. . . ."

He paused, tapped on the table with his bony fingers, and glanced at Estella.

". . . A letter which has been going the round of all the malconents in the Peninsula. Each faction-leader, to show that he has read it and agrees to obey its commands, initials the letter. It has then been returned to an intermediary, who sends it to the next—never by post, unless unavoidable, because the post is watched—always by hand, and usually by the hand of a person innocent of its contents."

"Yes," murmured the general absently, and there was a queer little triumphant smile on Estella's lips.

"To think," cried Concha, with a sudden fire less surprising in Spain than in England—"to think that we have all seen it, have touched it! Name of a saint, I had it under my hand, alone and unobserved, in the hotel at Algeciras, and I left it on the table. And now it has been the round, and all the initials are placed upon it, and it is for to-morrow."

"Where have you learnt this?" asked the general, in a voice that made Estella look at him. She had never seen him as his enemies had seen him, and even they confessed that he was always visible enough in action. Perhaps there was another man behind the personality of this deprecating, pleasant-spoken, little sybarite—a man who only appeared (oh, *rara avis!*) when he was wanted.

"No matter!" replied Concha, in a voice as hard and sharp.

"No, after all, it is of no matter so long as your information is reliable."

"You may stake your life on that," said Concha, and remembered the words ever after.

"It has been decided to make this journey from Seville to Madrid the opportunity of assassinating the Queen Regent."

"It will not be the first time they have tried," put in the general.

"No; but this time they will succeed, and it is to be here to-morrow night, in Toledo. After the Queen Regent's death, and in the confusion that will supervene, the little Queen will disappear, and then upon the rubbish-heap will spring up the mushrooms, as they did in France, and this rubbish-heap, like the other, will foul the air of all Europe."

He shook his head pessimistically till the long, wispy gray hair waved from side to side, and his left hand, resting on the wrist-bone on the table, made an indescribable gesture that showed a fœtid air tainted by darksome growths.

There was a silence in the room, broken by no outside sound but the clink of champed bits as the horses stood in their traces below. Indeed, the city of Toledo seemed strangely still this evening, and the very air had a sense of waiting in it. The priest sat and looked at his lifelong friend, his furrowed face the incarnation of cynical hopelessness. "What is, is worst," he seemed to say. His yellow, wise old eyes watched the quick face with the air of one who, having posed an unsolvable problem, awaits with a sarcastic humour the admission of failure.

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General Vincente, who had just finished his wine, wiped his moustache delicately with his pocket-handkerchief. He was thinking quickly, systematically, as men learn to think under fire.

Perhaps, indeed, he had the thoughts half-matured in his mind, as the greatest general the world has seen confessed that he ever had, that he was never taken quite by surprise. Vincente smiled as he thought, a habit he had acquired on the field, where a staff, and perhaps a whole army, took its cue from his face and read the turn of fortune there. Then he looked up straight at Estella, who was watching him.

"Can you start on a journey now, in five minutes?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered, rising and going toward the door.

"Have you a white mantilla among your travelling things?" he asked again.

Estella turned at the doorway and nodded.

"Then take it with you and a cloak, but no heavy luggage."

Estella closed the door.

"You can come with us?" said the general to Concha, half command, half interrogation.

"If you wish it."

"You may be wanted. I have a plan—a little plan," and he gave a short laugh. "It may succeed."

He went to a side-table, where some cold meats still stood, and taking up a small chicken daintily with a fork, he folded it in a napkin.

"It will be Saturday," he said simply, "before we have reached our journey's end, and you will be hungry. Have you a pocket?"

"Has a priest a pocket?" asked Concha, with a grim humour, and he slipped the provisions into the folds of his cassock. He was still eating a biscuit hurriedly.

"I believe you have no money," said the general suddenly.

"I have only enough," admitted the old man, "to take me back to Ronda, whither, by the way, my duty calls me."

"I think not. Your Master can spare you for a while; my mistress cannot do without you."

At this moment Estella came back into the room ready for her journey. The girl had changed of late. Her face had lost a little roundness and had gained exceedingly in expression. Her eyes, too, were different. That change had come to them which comes to all women between the ages of twenty and thirty, quite irrespective of their state. A certain restlessness or a quiet content are what one usually sees in a woman's face. Estella's eyes wore that latter look, which seems to indicate a knowledge of the meaning of life and a contentment that it should be no different.

Vincente was writing at the table.

"We shall want help," he said, without looking up. "I am sending for a good man."

And he smiled as he shook the small sand-caster over the paper.

"May one ask," said Concha, "where we are going?"

"We are going to Ciudad Real, my dear padre, since you are so curious; but we shall come back—we shall come back."

He was writing another despatch as he spoke, and at a sign from him Estella went to the door and clapped her hands, the only method of summoning a servant in general use at that time in Spain. The call was answered by an orderly, who stood at attention in the doorway for a full five minutes while the general wrote further orders in his neat, small caligraphy. There were half a dozen letters in all, curt, military despatches, without preamble and without mercy, for this soldier conducted military matters in a singularly domestic way, planning his campaigns by the fireside, and bringing about the downfall of an enemy while sitting in his daughter's drawing-room. Indeed, Estella's blotting-book bore the impress of more than one death-warrant, written casually on her stationery and with her pen.

"Will you have the goodness to despatch those at once?" was the message taken by the orderly to the general's aide-de-camp, and the gallopers, who were always in readiness, smiled as they heard the modest request.

"It will be pleasant to travel in the cool of the evening, provided that one guards against a chill," said the general, making his final preparations. "I require but a moment to speak to my faithful aide-de-camp, and then we embark."

The moon was rising as the carriage rattled across the bridge of Alcantara, and Larralde, taking the air between Wamba's Gate and the little fort that

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guards the entrance to the city, recognised the equipage as it passed him. He saw also the outline of Concha's figure in the darkest corner of the carriage, with his back to the horses, his head bowed in meditation. Estella he saw and recognised, while two mounted attendants, clattering in the rear of the carriage, testified by their presence to the fact that the general had taken the road again.

"It is well," said Larralde to himself. "They are all going back to Ronda, and Julia will be rid of their influence. Ronda will serve as well as Toledo so far as Vincente is concerned, but I will wait, to make sure that they are not losing sight of him."

So Señor Larralde, cloaked to the eyebrows, leant gracefully against the wall, and, like many another upon the bridge after that breathless day, drank in the cool air that rose from the river. Presently, indeed before the sound of the distant wheels was quite lost, two horsemen, cloaked and provided with such light luggage as the saddle can accommodate, rode leisurely through the gateway and up the incline that makes a short cut to the great road running southward to Ciudad Real. Larralde gave a little nod of self-confidence and satisfaction, as one who, having conceived and built up a great scheme, is pleased to see each component part of it act independently and slip into its place.

The general's first thought was for Estella's comfort, and he utilised the long hill, which they had to ascend on leaving the town, to make such arrangements as space would allow for their common ease.

"You must sleep, my child," he said. "We cannot hope to reach Ciudad Real before midday to-morrow, and it is as likely as not that we shall have but a few hours' rest there."

And Estella, who had travelled vast distances over vile roads so long as her memory went back, who had never known what it is to live in a country that is at peace, leant back in her corner and closed her eyes. Had she really been disposed to sleep, however, she could scarcely have done it, for the general's solicitude manifested itself by a hundred little devices for her greater repose. For her comfort he made Concha move.

"An old traveller like you must shift for yourself," he said gaily.

"No need to seek shelter for an old ox," replied Concha, moving into the other corner, where he carefully unfolded his pocket-handkerchief, and laid it over his face, where, his long nose protruding, caused it to fall in fantastic folds. He clasped his hands upon his hat, which lay upon his knee, and, leaning back, presently began to snore gently and regularly, a peaceful, sleep-inducing sound, and an excellent example. The general, whose sword seemed to take up half the carriage, still watched Estella, and if the air made her mantilla flutter, flew to the window with the solicitude of a lover and a maternal noiselessness. Then, with one hand on hers and the other grasping his sword, leant back, but did not close his eyes.

Thus they travelled on through the luminous night. The roads were neither worse nor better than they are today in Spain, than they were in England in the middle ages, and their way lay over the hill ranges that lie between the watersheds of the Tagus and the Guadiana. At times they passed through well-tended valleys, where corn and olives and vines seemed to grow on the same soil, but for the greater part of the night they ascended and descended the upper slopes, where herds of goats, half awakened as they slept in a ring about their guardian, looked at them with startled eyes. The shepherds and goatherds, who, like those of old, lay cloaked upon the ground and tended their flocks by night, did not trouble to raise their heads.

Concha alone slept, for the general had a thousand thoughts that kept him awake and bright-eyed, while Estella knew, from her father's manner and restlessness, that these were no small events that now stirred Spain and seemed to close men's mouths, so that near friends distrusted one another and brother was divided against brother. Indeed, others were on the road that night, and horsemen passed the heavy carriage from time to time.

In the early morning a change of horses was effected at a large inn near the summit of a pass above Malagon, and here an orderly, who seemed to recognise the general, was climbing into the saddle as the Vincentes quitted their carriage and passed into the com-

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mon room of the *venta* for a hasty cup of coffee.

"It is the Queen's courier," said the innkeeper grandly, "who takes the road before Her Majesty, in order to secure horses."

"Ah!" said the general, breaking his bread and dropping it into his cup; "is that so? The Queen Regent, you mean."

"Queen or Queen Regent, she requires four horses this evening, excellency; that is all my concern."

"True, my friend—true. That is well said. And the horses will be forthcoming, no doubt?"

"They will be forthcoming," said the man; "and the excellency's carriage is ready."

In the early morning light they drove on, now descending toward the great valley of the Guadiana, and at midday, as Vincente had foreseen, gained a sight of the ancient city of Ciudad Real, lying amid trees below them.

Ciudad Real is less interesting than its name, and there is little that is royal about its dirty streets and ill-kept houses. No one gave great heed to the travelling carriage, for this is a great centre, where travellers journeying east or west, north or south must needs pause for a change of horses. At the inn there were vacant rooms and that hasty welcome accorded to the traveller at wayside houses, where none stay longer than they can help.

"No," said the landlord, in answer to the general's query; "we are not busy, though we expect a lady, who will pass the hour of the siesta here and then proceed northward."

CHAPTER XXVI.

WOMANCRAFT.

"Il est rare que la tête des rois soit faite à la mesuré de leur couronné."

In the best room of the inn, where Vincente and his tired companions sought a few hours' rest, there sat alone and in thought a lady of middle age. Somewhat stout, she yet had that air which arouses the attention without being worthy of the name of beauty. This lady had, doubtless, swayed men's hearts by a word or a glance, for she still carried herself with assurance, and a hundred little details of her dress would have told another woman that she still desired to please.

The hour of the siesta was over, and after the great heat of the day a cool air was swaying down on the bosom of the river to the parched lowlands. It stirred the leaves of a climbing heliotrope, which encircled the open windows and wafted into the ill-furnished room a scent of stable-yard and dust.

The lady, sitting with her chin resting in the palm of her small, white hand, seemed to have lately roused herself from sleep, and now had the expectant air of one who awaits a carriage and is about to set out on a long journey. Her eyes were dark and tired-looking, and their expression was not that of a good woman. A sensual man is usually weak, but women are different; and this face, with its faded complexion and tired eyes, this woman of the majestic presence and beautiful hands, was both strong and sensual. This, in a word, was a queen who never forgot that she was a woman. As it was said of the Princess Christina, so it has been spoken of the Queen, that many had killed themselves for hopeless love of her, for this was the most dangerous of the world's creatures, a royal coquette. Such would our own Queen Bess have been, had not God, for the good of England, given her a plain face and an ungainly form, for surely the devil is in it when a woman can command both love and men. Queen Christina, since the death of a husband, who was years older than herself (and, as some say, before that historic event), had played a woman's game with that skill which men only half recognise, and had played it with the additional incentive that behind her insatiable vanity lay the heavier stake of a crown.

She is not the first to turn the strong current of man's passion to her own deliberate gain; nay, ninety-nine out of a hundred women do it. But the majority only play for a suburban villa and a few hundred pounds a year; Queen Christina of Spain handled her cards for a throne and the countenance of an ill-starred dynasty.

As she sat in the hotel chamber in Ciudad Real, that forlornest of royal cities, her face wore the pettish look of one who, having passed through great events, having tasted of great passions, and moved amid the machinery of life

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and death, finds the ordinary routine of existence intolerably irksome. Many faces wear such a look in this country—every second beautiful face in London has it. And these women—Heaven help them!—find the morning hours dull because every afternoon has not its great event, and every evening the hollow excitement of a social function.

The Queen was travelling *incognita*, and that fact alone robbed her progress of a sense of excitement. She had to do without the shout of the multitude, the passing admiration of the man in the street. She knew that she was yet many hours removed from Madrid, where she had admirers and the next best possession, enemies. Ciudad Real was intolerably dull and provincial. A servant knocked at the door.

"General Vincente, your Majesty, craves the favour of a moment."

"Ah!" exclaimed the Queen, the light returning to her eyes, a faint colour flushing her cheek. "In five minutes I will receive him."

And there is no need to say how the Queen spent those minutes.

"Your Majesty," said the general, bending over her hand, which he touched with his lips, "I have news of the greatest importance."

The suggestion of a scornful smile flickered for a moment in the royal eyes. It was surely enough for any man that she was a woman, beautiful still, possessing still that intangible and fatal gift of pleasing. The woman slowly faded from her eyes as they rested on the great soldier's face, and the Queen it was who, with a gracious gesture, bade him be seated. But the general remained standing. He alone, perhaps, of all the men who had to deal with her, of all those military puppets with whom she played her royal game, had never crossed that intangible boundary which many had overstepped to their own inevitable undoing.

"It concerns your Majesty's life," said Vincente bluntly, and calm in the certainty of his own theory that good blood, whether it flow in the veins of man or woman, assuredly carries a high courage.

"Ah!" said the Queen Regent, whose humour still inclined toward those affairs which interested her before the affairs of State; "but with men such as you about me, my dear general, what need I fear?"

"Treachery, madam," he answered, with his sudden smile and a bow—"treachery!"

The lady frowned. When a Queen stoops to dalliance a subject must not be too practical.

"Ah! what is it that concerns my life—another plot?" she inquired shortly.

"Another plot, but one of greater importance than those that exist in the republican cafés of every town in your Majesty's kingdom. This is a widespread conspiracy, and I fear that many powerful persons are concerned in it; but that, your Majesty, is not my department nor concern."

"What is your concern, general?" she asked, looking at him over her fan.

"To save your Majesty's life to-night."

"To-night!" she echoed, her coquetry gone.

"To-night."

"But how and where?"

"By assassination, madam, in Toledo. You are three hours late in your journey, but all Toledo will be astir, awaiting you, though it be till dawn."

The Queen Regent closed her fan slowly. She was, as the rapid events of her reign and regency proved, one of those women who rise to the occasion.

"Then one must act at once," she said.

The general bowed.

"What have you done?" she asked.

"I have sent to Madrid for a regiment that I know. They are as my own children. I have killed so many of them that the remainder love me. I have travelled from Toledo to meet your Majesty on the road here."

"And what means have you of preventing this thing?"

"I have brought the means with me, madam."

"Troops?" asked the Queen doubtfully, knowing where the cankerworm lay hidden.

"A woman and a priest, madam."

"And . . . ?"

"And I propose that your Majesty journey to Madrid in my carriage, attended only by my orderlies, by way of Aranjuez. You will be safe in Madrid, where the Queen will require her mother's care."

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"Yes; and the remainder of your plan?"

"I will travel back to Toledo in your Majesty's carriage, with the woman and the priest and your bodyguard, just as your Majesty is in the habit of travelling. Toledo wants a fight, nothing else will satisfy them. They shall have it before dawn—the very best I have to offer them."

And General Vincente gave a queer, cheery little laugh, as if he were arranging a practical joke.

"But the fight will be round my carriage."

"Possibly. I would rather that it took place in the Calle de la Ciudad or around the Casa del Argantamiento, where your Majesty is expected to sleep to-night."

"And these persons, this woman who risks her life to save mine, who is she?"

"My daughter," answered the general gravely.

"She is here in the hotel now?"

The general bowed.

"I have heard that she is beautiful," said the Queen, with a quick glance toward her companion. "How is it that you have never brought her to court, you who come so seldom yourself?"

Vincente made no reply.

"However, bring her to me now."

"She has travelled far, madam, and is not prepared for presentation to her Queen."

"This is no time for formalities. She is about to run a great risk for my sake, a greater risk than I could ever ask her to run. Present her as one woman to another, general."

But General Vincente bowed gravely and made no reply. The colour slowly rose to the Queen Regent's face, a dull, shamed red. She opened her fan, closed it again, and sat with furtive, downcast eyes. Suddenly she looked up and met his gaze.

"You refuse!" she said, with an insolent air of indifference. "You think that I am unworthy to . . . meet your daughter."

"I think only of the exigency of the moment," was his reply. "Every minute we lose is a gain to our enemies. If our trick is discovered Aranjuez will be no safer for your Majesty than is Toledo. You must be safely in Madrid before it is discovered in Toledo that you have taken the other route, and that the person they have mistaken for you is in reality my daughter."

"But she may be killed!" exclaimed the Queen.

"We may all be killed, madam," he replied lightly. "I beg that you will start at once in my carriage, with your chaplain and the holy lady who is doubtless travelling with you."

The Queen glanced sharply at him. It was known that, although her own life was anything but exemplary, she loved to associate with women who, under the cloak of religion and an austere virtue, intrigued with all parties and condoned the Queen's offences.

"I cannot understand you," she said, with that sudden lapse into familiarity which had led to the undoing of more than one ambitious courtier; "you seem to worship the crown and despise the head it rests on."

"So long as I serve your Majesty faithfully . . ."

"But you have no right to despise me!" she interrupted passionately.

"If I despised you should I be here now, should I be doing you this service?"

"I do not know. I tell you I do not understand you."

And the Queen looked hard at the man who for this very reason interested one who had all her life dealt and intrigued with men of obvious motive and unblushing ambition.

So strong is a ruling passion, that even in sight of death (for the Queen Regent knew that Spain was full of her enemies and rendered callous to bloodshed by a long war) vanity was alert in this woman's breast. Even while General Vincente, that unrivalled strategist, detailed his plans, she kept harking back to the question that puzzled her, and but half listened to his instructions.

Those desirous of travelling without attracting attention in Spain are wise to time their arrival and departure for the afternoon. At this time, while the sun is yet hot, all shutters are closed, and the business of life, the haggling in the market-place, the bustle of the barrack-yard, the leisurely labour of the fields are suspended. It was about four o'clock; indeed, the city clocks were striking that hour when the two carriages in the inn-yard at Ciudad Real were made ready for the road. Father

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Concha, who never took an active part in passing incidents while his old friend and comrade was near, sat in a shady corner of the *patio* and smoked a cigarette. An affable ostler had, in vain, endeavoured to engage him in conversation. Two small children had begged of him, and now he was left in meditative solitude.

"In a short three minutes," said the ostler, "and the excellencies can then depart. In which direction, reverendo, if one may ask?"

"One may always ask, my friend," replied the priest. "Indeed, the holy books are of opinion that it cannot be overdone. That chin-strap is too tight."

"Ah! I see the reverendo knows a horse . . ."

"And an ass," added Concha.

At this moment the general emerged from the shadow of the staircase, which was open and of stone. He was followed by Estella, as it would appear, and they hurried across the sunlighted *patio*, the girl carrying her fan to screen her face.

"Are you rested, my child?" asked Concha, at the carriage door.

The lady lowered the fan for a moment and met his eyes. A quick look of surprise flashed across Concha's face, and he half bowed. Then he repeated his question in a louder voice.

"Are you rested, my child, after our long journey?"

"Thank you, my father, yes."

And the ostler watched with open-mouthed interest.

The other carriage had been drawn up to that side of the courtyard where the open stairway was, and here also the bustle of departure and a hurrying female form, anxious to gain the shade of the vehicle, were discernible. It was all done so quickly, with such a military completeness of detail, that the carriages had passed through the great doorway, and the troopers, merely a general's escort, had clattered after them before the few onlookers had fully realised that these were surely travellers of some note.

The ostler hurried to the street to watch them go.

"They are going to the north," he said to himself, as he saw the carriages turn in the direction of the river and the ancient Puerta de Toledo—"they go to the north, and assuredly the general has come to conduct her to Toledo."

Strange to say, although it was the hour of rest, many shutters in the narrow street were opened, and more than one peeping face was turned toward the departing carriages.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A NIGHT JOURNEY.

"Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares."

At the cross-roads, on the northern side of the river, the two carriages parted company, the dusty equipage of General Vincente taking the road to Aranjuez, that leads to the right and mounts steadily through olive groves. The other carriage, which, despite its plain and sombre colours, still had an air of grandeur and almost of royalty, with its great wheels and curved springs, turned to the left and headed for Toledo. Behind it clattered a dozen troopers, picked men with huge, swinging swords and travel-stained clothes. The dust rose in a cloud under the horses' feet and hovered in the sallow air. There was no breath of wind, and the sun shone through a faint haze, which seemed only to add to the heat.

Concha lowered the window and thrust forward his long, inquiring nose.

"What is it?" asked the general.

"Thunder; I smell it. We shall have a storm to-night." He looked out, mopping his nose. "Name of a saint, how thick the air is!"

"It will be clear before the morning," said Vincente, the optimist.

And the carriage rattled on toward the city of strife, where Jew, Goth and Roman, Moor and Inquisitor have all had their day. Estella was silent, drooping with fatigue. The general alone seemed unmoved and heedless of the heat, a man of steel, as bright and ready as his own sword.

There is no civilised country in the world so bare as Spain, and no part of the Peninsula so sparsely populated as the Castiles. The road ran for the most part over brown and barren uplands, with here and there a valley where wheat and olives and vineyards graced the lower slopes. The crying need of all nature was for shade, for the ilex is a small-leaved tree, giving a thin

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shadow, with no cool depths amid the branches. All was brown and barren and parched. The earth seemed to lie fainting and awaiting the rain. The horses trotted with extended necks and open mouths, their coats wet with sweat. The driver, an Andalusian, with a face like a Moorish pirate, kept encouraging them with word and rein, jerking and whipping only when they seemed likely to fall from sheer fatigue and sun-weariness. At last the sun set in a glow like that of a great furnace, and the reflection lay over the land in ruddy splendour.

"Ah!" said Concha, looking out; "it will be a great storm, and it will soon come."

Vast columns of cloud were climbing up from the sunset into a sullen sky, thrown up in spreading mare's-tails by a hundred contrary gusts of wind, as if there were explosive matter in the great furnace of the west.

"Nature is always on my side," said Vincente, with his chuckling laugh. He sat, watch in hand, noting the passage of the kilometres.

At last the sun went down behind a distant line of hill, the watershed of the Tagus, and immediately the air was cool. Without stopping, the driver wrapped his cloak round him, and the troopers followed his example. A few minutes later a cold breeze sprung up suddenly, coming from the north and swirling the dust high in the air.

"It is well," said Vincente, who assuredly saw good in everything; "the wind comes first, and therefore the storm will be short."

As he spoke the thunder rolled among the hills.

"It is almost like guns," he added, with a queer look in his eyes suggestive of some memory.

Then, preceded by a rushing wind, the rain came, turning to hail, and stopping suddenly in a breathless pause, only to recommence with a renewed and splashing vigour. Concha drew up the windows, and the water streamed down them in a continuous ripple. Estella, who had been sleeping, roused herself. She looked fresh, and her eyes were bright with excitement. She had brought home with her from her English school that air of freshness and a dainty vigour which makes Englishwomen different from all other women in the world, and an English schoolgirl assuredly the brightest, purest, and sweetest of God's creatures.

Concha looked at her with his grim smile, amused at a youthfulness which could enable her to fall asleep at such a time and wake up so manifestly refreshed.

A halt was made at a roadside *venta*, where the travellers partook of a hurried meal. Darkness came on before the horses were sufficiently rested, and by the light of an ill-smelling lamp the general had his inevitable cup of coffee. The rain had now ceased, but the sky remained overcast, and the night was a dark one. The travellers took their places in the carriage, and again the monopoly of the road, the steady trot of the horses, the sing-song words of encouragement of their driver monopolised the thoughts of sleepy minds. It seemed to Estella that life was all journeys, and that she had been on the road for years. The swing of the carriage, the little varieties of the road but served to add to her somnolence. She only half woke up when, about ten o'clock, a halt was made to change horses, and the general quitted the carriage for a few minutes to talk earnestly with two horsemen who were apparently awaiting their arrival. No time was lost here, and the carriage went forward with an increased escort. The two newcomers rode by the carriage, one on either side.

When Estella woke up the moon had risen, and the carriage was making slow progress up a long hill. She noticed that a horseman was on either side, close by the carriage window.

"Who is that?" she asked.

"Conyngham," replied the general.

"You sent for him?" inquired Estella, in a hard voice.

"Yes."

Estella was wakeful enough now, and sat upright, looking straight in front of her. At times she glanced toward the window, which was now open, where the head of Conyngham's charger appeared. The horse trotted steadily with a queer jerk of the head, and that willingness to do his best, which gains for horses a place in the hearts of all who have to do with them.

"Will there be fighting?" asked Estella suddenly.

The general shrugged his shoulders.

"One cannot call it fighting. There

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may be a disturbance in the streets," he answered.

Concha, quiet in his corner, with his back to the horses, watched the girl, and saw that her eyes were wide with anxiety now, quite suddenly, she who had never thought of fear till this moment. She moved uneasily in her seat, fidgeting as the young ever do when troubled. It is only with the years that we learn to bear a burden quietly.

"Who is that?" she asked shortly, pointing to the other window, which was closed.

"Concepcion Vara, Conyngham's servant," replied the general, who for some reason was inclined to curtness in his speech.

They were approaching Toledo, and passed through a village from time to time, where the cafés were still lighted up, and people seemed to be astir in the shadow of the houses. At last, in the main thoroughfare of a larger village, within a stage of Toledo, a final halt was made to change horses. The street, dimly lighted by a couple of oil lamps, swinging from gibbets at the corners of a cross-road, seemed to be peopled by shadows surreptitiously lurking in doorways. There was a false air of quiet in the houses, and peeping eyes looked out from the bars that covered every window, for even modern Spanish houses are barred, as if for a siege, and in the ancient villages every man's house is, indeed, his castle.

The driver had left the box, and seemed to be having some trouble with the ostlers and stable-helps, for his voice could be heard raised in anger, and urging them to greater haste.

Conyngham, motionless in the saddle, touched his horse with his heel, advancing a few paces, so as to screen the window. Concepcion, on the other side, did the same, so that the travellers in the interior of the vehicle saw but the dark shape of the horses and the long cloaks of their riders. They could perceive Conyngham quickly throw back his cape in order to have a free hand. Then there came the sound of scuffling feet, and an indefinable sense of strife in the very air.

"But we will see—we will see who is in the carriage!" cried a shrill voice, and a hoarse shout from many bibulous throats confirmed the desire.

"Quick!" said Conyngham's voice —"quick! Take your reins; never mind the lamps!"

And the carriage swayed as the man leapt to his place. Estella made a movement to look out of the window, but Concha had stood up against it, opposing his broad back alike to curious glances or a knife or a bullet. At the other window, the general, better versed in such matters, held the leather cushion upon which he had been sitting across the sash. With his left hand he restrained Estella.

"Keep still," he said. "Sit back. Conyngham can take care of himself."

The carriage swayed forward, and a volley of stones rattled on it like hail. It rose jerkily on one side and bumped over some obstacle.

"One who has his quietus," said Concha. "These royal carriages are heavy."

The horses were galloping now. Concha sat down, rubbing his back. Conyngham was galloping by the window, and they could see his spur flashing in the moonlight as he used it. The reins hung loose and both his hands were employed elsewhere, for he had a man half across the saddle in front of him, who held to him with one arm thrown round his neck, while the other was raised and a gleam of steel was at the end of it. Concepcion, from the other side, threw a knife over the roof of the carriage—he could hit a cork at twenty paces—but he missed this time.

The general from within leant across Estella, sword in hand, with gleaming eyes. But Conyngham seemed to have got the hold he desired, for his assailant came suddenly swinging over the horse's neck, and one of his flying heels crashed through the window by Concha's head, making that ecclesiastic swear like any layman. The carriage was lifted on one side again and bumped heavily.

"Another," said Concha, looking for broken glass in the folds of his cassock. "That is a pretty trick of Conyngham's."

"And the man is a horseman," added the general, sheathing his sword—"a horseman. It warms the heart to see it."

Then he leant out of the window and asked if any were hurt.

"I am afraid, excellency, that I hurt one," answered Vara—"where the neck joins the shoulder. It is a pretty spot for the knife, nothing to turn a point."

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He rubbed a sulphur match on the leg of his trousers, and lighted a cigarette as he rode along.

"On our side no accidents," continued Vara, with a careless grandeur, "unless the reverendo received a kick in the face."

"The reverendo received a stone in the small of the back," growled Concha pessimistically, "where there was already a corner of lumbago."

Conyngham, standing in his stirrups, was looking back. A man lay motionless on the road, and beyond, at the cross-roads, another was riding up a hill to the right at a hard gallop.

"It is the road to Madrid," said Concepcion, noting the direction of the Englishman's glance.

The general, leaning out of the carriage window, was also looking back anxiously.

"They have sent a messenger to Madrid, excellency, with the news that the Queen is on the road to Toledo," said Concepcion.

"It is well," answered Vincente with a laugh.

As they journeyed, although it was nearly midnight, there appeared from time to time, and for the most part in the neighbourhood of a village, one who seemed to have been awaiting their passage, and immediately set out on foot or horseback by one of the shorter bridle-paths that abound in Spain. No one of these spies escaped the notice of Concepcion, whose training amid the mountains of Andalusia had sharpened his eyesight and added keenness to every sense.

"It is like a cat walking down an alley full of dogs," he muttered.

At last the lights of Toledo hove in sight, and across the river came the sound of the city clocks tolling the hour.

"Midnight," said Concha, "and all respectable folk are in their beds. At night all cats are gray."

No one heeded him. Estella was sitting upright, bright-eyed and wakeful. The general looked out of the window at every moment. Across the river they could see lights moving, and many houses that had been illuminated were suddenly dark.

"See," said the general, leaning out of the window and speaking to Conyngham; "they have heard the sound of our wheels."

At the farther end of the Bridge of Alcantara, on the road which now leads to the railway station, two horsemen were stationed, hidden in the shadow of the trees that border the pathway.

"Those should be *guardia civile*," said Concepcion, who had studied the ways of these gentry all his life, "but they are not. They have horses that have never been taught to stand still."

As he spoke the men vanished, moving noiselessly in the thick dust which lay on the Madrid road.

The general saw them go and smiled. These men carried word to their fellows in Madrid for the seizure of the little Queen. But before they could reach the capital the Queen Regent herself would be there, a woman in a thousand, of inflexible nerve, of infinite resource.

The carriage rattled over the narrow bridge, which rings hollow to the sound of wheels. It passed under the gate that Wamba built, and up the tree-girt incline to the city. The streets were deserted, and no window showed a light. A watchman in his shelter at the corner by the synagogue peered at them over the folds of his cloak, and noting the clank of scabbard against spur, paid no further heed to a traveller who took the road with such outward signs of authority.

"It is still enough and quiet," said Concha, looking out.

"As quiet as a watching cat," replied Vincente.

(*To be concluded.*)

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LONDON LETTER.

The literary subject of the moment is the new literary paper which the *Times* announces. The title is to be *Literature*.* The editor is Mr. H. D. Traill, and the price is sixpence. When I started THE BOOKMAN here my friend, the late Professor Drummond, urged me to take the title *Literature*; but I have had no reason to repent my choice. *Literature* is to be devoted mainly to reviews, giving more attention to continental and American publications than other English journals. In addition some bibliography is promised us. Whether this will captivate the English public remains to be seen. Mr. Traill is an able writer, but he is not accepted, at least by the younger authors, as a guide or authority. He was for some time an associate of Mr. Frederick Greenwood in the *St. James Gazette* and the *Pall Mall*. There was a difference between him and Mr. Greenwood, and he went over to the *Daily Telegraph*, where he is one of the leader writers. His best-known book is a series of dialogues, *The New Lucian*, but I think the one that shows most power is a collection of verses entitled *Recaptured Rhymes*, published by Messrs. Blackwood a good many years ago, and very little known. It is understood that the publication is the idea of the able and masterful manager of the *Times*, Mr. Moberley Bell. Under his direction the review department of the *Times* has much improved, Mr. Lang, Mr. Anstey, and Mr. James Payn being regular contributors. The books of the week are mostly done by an accomplished Oxford scholar, Mr. J. B. Thursfield. Mr. Thursfield, it is said, took the Home Rule side when the Liberal Party split up, and prefers to write on literary rather than on political subjects. The new paper is to be independent of the *Times*, Mr. Traill having full control. I shall be very glad to see it flourish, for it is somewhat depressing that nearly all the new publications have recently been of the popular type, and indeed it has been confidently predicted that the day for sixpenny reviews is past. That the *Times* office is of an opposite opinion is a singular fact, and no doubt the new paper will have every chance.

At the same time there is no doubt that the undertaking is one of the greatest difficulty. For one thing, the price is sixpence, while the *Athenæum* and the *Academy* are sold at threepence. The *Athenæum*, though carrying much less weight than formerly, now that the daily papers do so much in reviewing, is still a considerable force. It is read by many people for its advertisements; but it is fair to say that the editor, Mr. Norman MacColl, has shown himself a strong man. The paper has not now and never had a reputation for fairness. But it has some very good men on its staff, particularly Mr. Theodore Watts, whose reviews, whether one agrees with them or not, are always worth reading for their wealth of literary knowledge; and a *protégé* of Mr. Watts, Mr. Francis Hindes Groome, one of the most accomplished men of letters in England, a man who has never come to his own. Mr. Groome is one of the leading members of the staff of Messrs. Chambers of Edinburgh, and had a good deal to do with the new edition of their excellent encyclopædia. The *Athenæum* has also in every number a certain amount of fresh news. The *Academy* under Mr. Lewis Hind no longer signs its articles. But it has good contributions from Mr. Wilfrid Meynell and his accomplished wife, as well as many others. It has not yet, however, been a very serious rival to the *Athenæum*. Enormous sums have been spent first and last in its development, and it is now understood to be a paying property. But some of us remember how it was started from the great publishing house of John Murray, and with men like Huxley and Matthew Arnold as contributors, and how it failed to succeed in spite of all these advantages, and although at that time it was published only monthly. The great difficulty with weekly literary journals is that they have practically no advertisements except those of publishers, and as everybody knows, there are dead months during which publishers advertise but little. A very strong firm of proprietors has been contemplating for some time the establishment of a penny

* An American edition will be issued by Messrs. Harper & Bros.

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illustrated weekly literary journal. Here the question is whether there are a sufficient number of people interested in literature to provide at the very least 20,000 weekly subscribers. I question it. The provoking thing is that so many literary people read their literary papers at the clubs, or not at all. I remember speaking with an eminent literary man about the *Academy*, a paper to which he had been one of the most frequent contributors. He confessed that he had never purchased a single number. Nevertheless whatever our private opinion may be as to its chances, all of us wish Mr. Traill every success, and it is certain that he will to his very utmost make the paper fair and even appreciative. This would be his wise policy even from a commercial standpoint. The slashing system does not pay in England, as various costly enterprises have abundantly proved.

I am able to say that Mrs. Oliphant has left behind her materials for a biography. They are, I believe, largely autobiographical. It is not likely and it is not desirable that anybody should write the full story of the tragedies which marred so many of her years and against which she bore up with such wonderful courage. But her life should be a very interesting one, and is sure to contain much racy comment and narrative. She saw in her time much of society, and nothing escaped her eyes or her memory.

The new publishing season is now upon us, and my prediction that the number of books would not greatly exceed the average has so far been fulfilled. Publishers are more and more restricting themselves to enterprises which are fairly certain to pay. They are finding out that it is not the number of books published, but the number of books sold which tells when the accounts are made up. They are also to a large extent refusing to publish books on commission, although to this rule there are one or two very notable exceptions. So far, of course, the book of the season has been Mr. Hall Caine's *The Christian*. As your readers know, it has been criticised with extreme severity, but the circulation has been enormous. It has been largely read by clerics who have preached upon it, and this has helped to give it its immense vogue. The publisher, Mr. Heinemann, who is one of the most enterprising and successful men in London, will issue shortly Mr. Harold Frederic's new book, which is said to be even better than his last, and which is sure of a great welcome. Madame Sarah Grand's novel is also being published through Mr. Heinemann. As is well known, Madame Grand's real name is Mrs. McFall ; but she has dropped this altogether, and is now to be known alike to her friends and the public as Madame Sarah Grand. Mr. Heinemann has many other attractive books, and he makes it his boast that not one of these has been obtained through a literary agent. The work, however, which is looked forward to with most eagerness is the life of the late Lord Tennyson, of which a very large first edition has been printed notwithstanding its high price.

Few English journalists were more looked up to than Mr. R. H. Hutton, the late editor of the *Spectator*, who has passed away after a very painful illness. Mr. Hutton was the son of a Unitarian minister, and originally a candidate for the Unitarian ministry. He failed, however, to get a pulpit. He was short-sighted, and in no way fitted to be a popular orator, though later in life he acquired a considerable debating faculty. After some chequered and troubled years, during which he edited the *National Review*, he became the associate of Mr. Meredith Townsend on the *Spectator*, a paper which came to be one of the most influential organs, if not the most influential, in English journalism. Mr. Hutton's history was largely the history of his paper, to which he devoted his whole energy, contributing a minimum of two elaborate articles a week, and often more. His peculiar influence was that of a profoundly religious man who was at the same time a thoroughly able and well-equipped literary and philosophic critic. Of such there are few indeed in the ranks of journalism. By thoughtful clergymen especially Mr. Hutton's paper was very much valued, and he never felt free to withdraw from it, although he often wished to do so in order to make some independent contribution to literature. He remained at his post almost to the end, and wrote with undiminished freshness and power. Many journalists after a certain period become what is called old fogeys, and are unable to ap-

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preciate the movements that are taking place around them. Mr. Hutton was not one of these. He will be very much missed on the *Spectator*. His successor, Mr. Strachey, is a young man of considerable ability and seriousness, but in no way to be compared to his predecessor. Mr. Meredith Townsend is one of the most able journalists of the time. He does not write on religious subjects or pronouncedly from a religious point of view. The fate of the *Spectator* will be watched with great interest. It is one of those papers which cannot possibly be transformed. There is a proposal to issue a journal somewhat of the same kind, but with a news element, at a penny, and many leading men have promised both financial and literary aid, but whether it will ultimately come to anything I cannot say at present.

Mr. Barrie has commenced the second part of *Sentimental Tommy*. He has been much engrossed with preparations for his play *The Little Minister*. The most elaborate arrangements have been made, and it is expected to be the success of the winter. Mr. Crockett is more industrious, if possible, than ever; and you may hear soon of his breaking out in new directions. Americans will be interested in his picture of their countrywomen given by him in his new story, *The Woman of Fortune*, which is to run through the *Woman at Home*, commencing in January.

The prospects of the discount being reduced on books do not seem to brighten. The only way in which the plan could possibly succeed would be the securing of absolute unanimity among publishers and booksellers. Some of the leading booksellers in London decline to yield, and if the plan were carried out in defiance of them the chances are that much of the country trade would be diverted to London. Neither is it easy to see how the publishers could possibly coerce them. What is to hinder them establishing under another name book shops where books are sold at twopence off the shilling and getting unlimited supplies by that means? The same difficulties are being felt in Germany, where loud complaints are being made at the intention of the publishers, and it said that even the publishers themselves are not holding together. I am sure that if the reform could be carried out it would be ultimately for the advantage of every one, but it cannot be carried out unless all are agreed. I have spoken to a good many authors on the subject, and find them generally disinclined to do anything. They are afraid that the sales of their books may be diminished. If the Authors' Society report unfavourably the whole scheme will immediately be dropped. If not, I believe a considerable majority of publishers will be found to support it.

W. Robertson Nicoll.

LONDON, September 24, 1897.

PARIS LETTER.

The month of September is, perhaps, the poorest month of the year for literary news from Paris. Everybody who can, in France (and bookmen manage to be among those who *can*), leaves in the first week of the month *pour faire l'ouverture*, as the phrase goes—that is, to open the hunting season—and for several weeks thinks of nothing but quails and partridges. There is one form of literary activity, though, which manifests itself earlier than the other ones, and it is one of greater importance in France than anywhere else; we mean dramatic production. Leaving out the triumphal appearance of Murger's *Vie de Bohème* at the Théâtre Français early in the month, we find the living playwrights very busy at the present time. The busiest, undoubtedly, are Armand Silvestre and Paul Déroulède. The former is already superintending the rehearsals of his verse play, *Tristan de Léonois*, the first performance of which is to take place at the Théâtre Français on October 16th. I suppose I need not say to the readers of THE BOOKMAN that the side of Armand Silvestre's double nature which is to appear in this new play of his is the elegiac and not the *gaulois* side.

Paul Déroulède, undismayed by the failure of his *Duguesclin*, is almost ready with a new historical drama, *La Mort de*

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Hoche ; and, undismayed, too, Coquelin is to produce it at the Porte Saint-Martin. This new drama has already been the cause of a long controversy between its author and the grandson of General Hoche, the hero of the drama. Strangely enough Paul Déroulède has chosen to present Hoche's death as having been self-inflicted, and the Marquis des Roys protests that no one can suppose for a moment that his grandfather committed suicide. Hoche's death has always seemed to have had something mysterious, but the only suppositions that had been discussed thus far had been sickness and murder by poison. Lanfrey, in his celebrated and unfinished history of Napoleon, had even more than hinted that Hoche had been put out of the way by his rival in glory and power. What remains to be seen is whether the playwright has succeeded in placing his hero in one of those pathetic positions from which there is no escape except through death.

Among the other new plays which are to be performed in the near future none is awaited with as much interest as *Les Trois Filles de M. Dupont.* The author is M. Brieux, whose *L'Evasion* scored a good deal more than a *succès d'estime* a year ago at the Théâtre Français. We are to have also *Le Nouveau Jeu*, by Henri Lavedan, and *Jalouse*, by Alexandre Bisson, the merry and lucky dramatist whose five earlier plays have had together at the Vaudeville Théâtre no less than 938 performances. Last, and perhaps not least, the author of *La Douloureuse*, Maurice Donnay, is at work on a new play which will be performed at the Renaissance by Sarah Bernhardt's company, with Sarah, of course, in the most important part. I know that all of this is not literature ; but some of it is sure to be, and that is why I mention it to the readers of THE BOOKMAN.

Among the books recently published, the only one that has created a sensation is *Sale Juif !* by M. Dollivet. All the Jew baiters at once threw themselves upon it, expecting to find it entirely in keeping with their own passions. Imagine their disgust when they discovered that the book is entirely on the other side of the question. It is even rumoured now that Dollivet is only a *nom de plume*, and that the author is himself a Hebrew.

Another *nom de plume* has just come before the public, Pierre de Coulevin, whose novel of American life, *Noblesse Américaine*, which appears now as a *feuilleton* in the *Temps*, has, I understand, been just published also on your side of the Atlantic. Pierre de Coulevin is a woman, Mademoiselle Favre, who has been teaching French for several years in Boston, and is, I think, a relative of the late French orator and statesman Jules Favre.

The most interesting of the forthcoming publications will be M. Brunetière's accounts of his American trip. It was presented to the editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, who, of course, at once accepted his own production. It will form three articles : the first one on the Universities, the second on the Woman question, and the third one on Catholicism in the United States. The articles will be published also, but not in their entire text, in *McClure's Magazine.* I think I may safely say that one of the results of the celebrated critic's visit to the United States will be that American affairs will henceforth occupy much more space than before in the *Revue des Deux Mondes.*

You will be, I suppose, somewhat startled by the announcement that a new work on Balzac, *Balzac Imprimeur*, will have on the title-page the name of our present Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Gabriel Hanotaux. But the busy statesman and academician has a *collaborateur* whose name will appear with his, M. Georges Vicaire.

Then we are to have a flood of new old books, reprints of works the copyright of which is just coming to an end. Fréderic Soulié died on September 24th, 1847 ; so all his copyrights ran out three days ago. His celebrated *Mémoires du Diable* will be reprinted before the close of the year. Stendhal and Chateaubriand both died in 1848 ; this will be quite a boon for publishers. I suppose that few copyrights will have had as long a life as Chateaubriand's *Atala*, which appeared in 1800, or his *Essai sur les Révolutions*, which was first published in 1797.

I am glad to inform you that François Coppée, whose life was almost despaired of a few weeks ago, after he had undergone a severe surgical operation, has now fully recovered. Another literary man who is open for congratulations is Henri Rochefort, who has just

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been married for the third time. His new wife is his niece, or rather his brother-in-law's niece. Her maiden name was Marguerite Vervoort, and she has for years been the head of the celebrated pamphleteer's establishment.

Alfred Manière.

PARIS, September 27, 1897.

THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX.

Returning from our vacation with the salty savour of the sea still lingering in our nostrils, and with a general sense of ability to cope with any editorial problems whatsoever, we nevertheless felt a certain lurking apprehension as we entered the scene of our wonted labours. It was not because THE BOOKMAN had split an infinitive or two in our absence, for we had expected that; nor was it because Miss Katharine Pearson Woods, in the August number, had used an apparent object after a verb in the passive voice; for by signing her name to her work she had sufficiently relieved us of any personal responsibility for the outrage. It was neither of these things that troubled us. But we had been absent and idle for two whole months, and we knew that all this time our readers with diabolical ingenuity had been cooking up complicated questions for us to answer. We knew that they had been laying pipe to entangle and confound us. We knew that a swarm of the subtlest kind of problems would overwhelm us, and that we should have to solve them instantly and get ourselves into the worst sort of a scrape. In fact, we knew a lot of other things that were sure to happen when we got around to the Letter-Box again. So, when the young lady who kindly preserves our editorial correspondence for us began to grope in the fateful pigeonhole, we looked out of the window for a few moments and breathed hard. And then—then we found, apart from a number of left-overs, just a meek little package of letters, scarcely as many as we usually receive in a single fortnight, and all of them obviously innocent. For an instant we were astonished and perplexed; but as we are naturally very bright and full of intuition, the explanation flashed upon us immediately. As we had been taking our vacation, so had our esteemed critics been taking theirs. Well, we hope they all enjoyed it as much as we did ours. And now let us see what the Box contains.

I.

We understand that a good deal of private discussion has been going on in various quarters about our dictum regarding the expression "To-morrow *is* Sunday;" but no one had had the courage to tackle the subject in print up to the present moment, when we are favoured with a vivid letter from Miss Carolyn Wells, a lady who has gained for herself a roomy niche in the pronaos of Fame, as the person who first projected the Purple Cow into literature. We give that part of her letter which contains her argument, omitting for lack of space some of her appended illustrations:

"Your statement in the June Letter-Box that the sentence 'To-day is Thursday; yesterday, to-morrow was Thursday; to-day, to-morrow is Friday; and to-morrow, to-morrow will be Saturday,' is both grammatically and psychologically correct, invites the test of a further application, and out of thine own mouth will I judge thee.

"If to-morrow, as such, and in its essential to-morrowness, has no objective existence, but must always be a purely mental conception, then, logically, yesterday, as such and in its essential yesterdayness, has no objective existence, but must always be a similar and equally pure mental conception. For when the time thought of as 'yesterday' was here, it was not yet 'yesterday,' but 'to-day.'

"Hence it can exist only in the present, and one should say on Monday, 'Yesterday *is* Sunday,' and not 'yesterday *was* Sunday,' for it wasn't."

Like everything that Miss Wells writes, this is distinctly clever, and she obviously thinks that she has got us in a hole. But she hasn't. There are two answers that may be made to her argument, one of them theoretical and the other practical. A distinction is clearly to be drawn between "to-morrow" and "yesterday;" for, at the time of speaking, "to-morrow" has no objective existence, we know nothing of it save as a

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present mental conception. "Yesterday," however, may be held to have an objective existence in the results and experiences that came from it, and hence it may be properly thus spoken of. This is the theoretical argument. But the practical argument for "yesterday was" is better and also simpler. Universal usage has sanctioned only this one form of speaking of it; while the usage regarding "to-morrow" is still unsettled. Many persons say, "to-morrow will be;" many others say "to morrow is." Hence this question is still open, and when we are asked to decide which is the better expression, we may answer with a due regard to the psychology of it, as we did. And now, having replied to her, we salute Miss Wells respectfully as she returns once more to the mystical contemplation of her empurpled kine.

II.

A correspondent who evidently does not know that the same question has already been asked and answered once before, propounds the following:

"In the Letter-Box why do you say so much about yourselves?"

Because that is the subject which we know the most about. See also our reply to a correspondent in THE BOOKMAN of last June.

III.

A lady who resides in Binghamton, New York, compliments us by asking our advice on a serious matter.

"I always read what THE BOOKMAN has to say on educational questions with great interest, and I want to ask you to advise me. My niece, who is eighteen years of age, has finished her regular education so far as ordinary school work goes, and I want to give her a year or two more to finish her off. What is the best place for her to spend the next two years in?"

Home.

IV.

An earnest and indigenous citizen of Libertyville, Indiana, who uses, we think, a quill pen, writes us the following letter:

"Out in these parts, we are just about dead tired of the way THE BOOKMAN spells. Why do you write 'honour,' 'theorise,' 'sombre,' etc., instead of 'honor,' 'theorize,' 'somber'? The leading American dictionaries are all against you. I suppose you are trying to be very English; but who cares how the English spell? Isn't America big enough and strong enough to have her own kind of spelling without crawling in the dirt before a lot of English literary dudes? Come off, and buy a Webster's Dictionary for yourselves!"

We have never had the pleasure of spending any time in the interesting town of Libertyville, Indiana, but we entertain a well-defined suspicion that it is just the sort of place to harbour the sort of person who would write this sort of letter. If we are wrong in this, we apologise most abjectly to Libertyville, Indiana.

V.

A Boston gentleman on whose statements we can fully rely sends us the following:

"In your October number you repeat, though you do not actually vouch for it, the story that the Boston Public Library forbids anarchists to read anarchistic books. I must inform you that this report is wholly unfounded. It was denied in the *Chap Book* some time ago, and if you had read that periodical you surely would not have given currency to the statement."

Yes, we observed that the *Chap Book* denied it; but, to be frank, that was precisely our reason for thinking that there must be quite a little truth in the story.

VI.

This is a mean sort of letter:

"DEAR BOOKMAN: The appearance of your Letter-Box would indicate that you never make mistakes. Is that a fact? Or do you only print and answer letters that you *can* answer?

"A DOUBTFUL ONE."

What shall we say to this? In the first place, we assure our correspondent that every letter that has a grain of sense in it is sooner or later noticed in these pages. It sometimes happens that several letters refer to the same subject, in which case we print our reply only to the brightest and briefest of them. And, as we have often stated, we do not usually comment on letters written in criticism of signed articles in THE BOOKMAN. But if any other letter has remained unanswered, it must have been lost in the maelström of our desk; and if its writer will repeat his inquiry, we will reimburse him for his postage out of the large bin of confiscated stamps that is contiguous to our elbow. In the second place, we must ask our sceptical friend to refer to the back numbers of the Letter-Box. He will there see that again and again

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some keen-eyed correspondent has detected a crevice in our editorial armour and has thrust his weapon through it and twisted it in the wound. And when this has happened, we have not gone off into a corner and suffered obscurely, but have writhed as publicly as possible for the general satisfaction of our delighted readers. Come now! Be honest. Look up the record and then write us something nice by way of amends.

VII.

Here is a pert postal-card, unsigned.

"If 'stanch' (minus the *u*) is good enough for the Century, Webster, and the Standard dictionaries, why is it not good enough for THE BOOKMAN?"

Because we are more difficult to please than the persons who compiled these dictionaries, and because our taste is better.

VIII.

Another postal-card from Astoria, Oregon, asks two questions:

"1. Which is the better form: 'some one else's,' or 'some one's else'?

"2. Did Jean Ingelow die in her sixty-seventh or in her seventy-seventh year? The *Century Cyclopædia of Names* gives 1830 as the year of her birth."

We answer:

1. Either form is allowable, but "some one's else" is preferable.

2. Jean Ingelow was born in 1820.

IX.

The lady in Sierra Madre, California, who has questioned us once before, and who writes a beautiful English hand, sends us the following inquiries which we summarise:

"1. In *The Port of Missing Ships* the 'Ay, ay' (yes, yes) of the sailors is invariably spelled 'Aye, aye' (ever, ever), and I have observed this mistake in other books. Why is this?

"2. In American books one always finds 'behooves' instead of 'behoves.' Why? The word with one *o* has dignity and sonority; with two, it is elephantine.

"3. Why do educated Americans say 'There is nothing *to* a man,' for 'There is nothing *in* a man'? It is obviously an elliptical phrase. What is the word understood?"

We answer:

1. Both forms of the affirmative ("aye" and "ay") are recognised by English as well as by American lexicographers. In fact, "aye" is etymologically the more accurate of the two.

2. Both these forms are also recognised in English as well as in American usage. See, for example, Stormonth.

3. We do not consider the phrase elliptical, but idiomatic, and one that finds a perfect analogy in the German use of *an*.

This lady also sends us another letter calling our attention to some of the *Critic's* lapses from correct English usage. But we cannot give space to the enumeration of these. If THE BOOKMAN were to undertake the supervision of the *Critic's* English we should have to begin issuing monthly supplements.

This lady always signs herself "An Ardent Admirer of THE BOOKMAN," leaving her real name a mystery. We wish that she would kindly consent to reveal it for our own personal information. It would be a real pleasure to know who it is who can write with so much courtesy, good temper, and cleverness.

X.

A suspicious lady of Worcester, Massachusetts, presumably young, writes to declare that she doesn't believe the writer who criticised Mr. Richard Harding Davis in our August number had ever read *Soldiers of Fortune*. Well, if he hadn't he ought to have done so; and if he wrote any real mean things about dear Mr. Davis without having read every line of that gentleman's books, we say unhesitatingly that he is a bad man.

XI.

This is from San Juan, California, and shows a taste for false analogies:

"Is there any good reason why a verb following the pronoun 'you,' used with a singular meaning, should not have the singular form, according to the same logic that makes it right to use a singular verb after a noun plural in form, but singular in meaning, as 'United States *is*'?"

This is, of course, a concealed defence of "you was." But one says "you were" because this is the plural of courtesy (plural of excellence), and is a bit of historical politeness. Our friend in San Juan need not be polite unless he chooses to, but in that case he should say "thou wast." It will sound rather queer, but at any rate not vulgar, as "you was" will always be in spite of the heroic efforts of certain language-mongers to defend it.

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XII.

"Constant Reader" in Wheeling, West Virginia, with whom we had a friendly bout in the June number, turns up again. We wish we could spare the space for his whole letter, which is most amusing.

"There you go again.

"On page 454 of the August number you say: 'In answer to a number of inquiries concerning the significance of the title, etc., of *Quo Vadis*, we give an extract, etc.:

"'St. Peter met the Master and inquired of Him, "*Dominie quo vadis?*" to which he received the reply, "*Venio iterum crucifigi*," whereupon, etc.'

"But what does it *mean?* Confound it! why don't you say what it *means?* Does it translate 'Which way,' or 'Whither goest thou?' And what does the Saviour's reply mean? In the May or June number of THE BOOKMAN you gave us half a column of French untranslated.

"Do you imagine that all your readers are French and Latin scholars? Do you think to flatter us by presuming that we are? Or are you just airing your own accomplishments? . . . I have read *Quo Vadis*—read it twice—the second time to a blind friend, aloud, and I—he—we—want to know, and from some authoritative source, whether *Quo Vadis* means 'Which way,' or 'Whither goest thou?'

"THE BOOKMAN is good enough authority for *me;* but THE BOOKMAN says *Quo Vadis* means *Quo Vadis*. Thanks! And *Venio iterum crucifigi* means *Venio iterum crucifigi*, I presume. Thanks again."

Quo Vadis means "Whither goest thou?" And *Venio iterum crucifigi* means, "I am coming to be crucified a second time." The Latinity of the latter sentence, by the way, is like that of the much-discussed *Omnia reliquit servare rem publicam*, which has so agitated Boston this year.

XIII.

From Kittery Point, Maine, comes a letter signed "N. P.," stating that an English friend claims to have heard Americans say "I did have" and "I do have" for the simple form "I had" and "I have." We think the English friend is mistaken, for we have never heard anything of the kind, except, of course, when special emphasis is intended; and this is as British as it is American. "N. P." wishes us to give her friend a lecture on Briticisms; but we can do better than that by referring her to Professor Brander Matthews's book *Americanisms and Briticisms*, where the thing has already been done far more efficiently than we could do it.

XIV.

A gentleman in Cincinnati asks the following:

"Is the following sentence correct: 'Moses was the daughter of Pharaoh's son'?"

We are not going to consider any mouldy old catch such as this. We print the inquiry only to show our readers what things an editor has to put up with.

XV.

The following note seems to require no answer. We are inclined to think it is intended to be a bright bit of sarcasm, so we print it for the gratification of its perpetrator, who signs his name and writes from Sonyea, New York—a place of which, we confess, we had never heard before.

"DEAR EDITORS: I noticed in a recent issue of THE BOOKMAN that a writer had submitted some manuscript to you after he had received many favourable notices from well known authors. Well, what I cannot understand is, why he sent the manuscript to THE BOOKMAN at all."

XVI.

Another dissatisfied soul clamours for attention.

"I notice in THE BOOKMAN'S treatment of certain very popular authors a tone of disdain that seems to me to be rebuked by the facts. The real test of literary merit is the extent of the public approval given to it. So you may sneer as much as you please, but it is a sufficient answer to your sneers to say of an author: 'His reputation is known to every intelligent man and woman in America and England.'"

And so is Jack the Ripper's.

XVII.

A purist in language stoops to aid us with his light and leading. He is not severe, only kindly and compassionate. This is what he says:

"In looking over the back numbers of THE BOOKMAN I find it said (editorially) of an English writer that 'at last she got into print.' Now, as your journal is a *literary* journal, if you had taken a little time to reflect, could you not have expressed this idea somewhat more elegantly? Could you not have said, for instance, that 'she ultimately attained the honour of publication'?"

No; we really couldn't, any more than we could go about our daily work with gilt-paper spangles on our trousers.

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XVIII.

This last letter is like several others that have come to us, written by persons who complain of what they are pleased to call our "colloquial tone," our "levity," and of the general lack of solemnity in our style. We have read so many of these that we might just as well say something about them now as at any other time. We hold that a writer who has only one kind of style at his disposal is in the same case as a man who has only one suit of clothes in his wardrobe. It may be the very finest suit of evening clothes, and cut by Poole, yet its owner will surely feel rather awkward when he has to wear it on the golf links or at a bicycle breakfast. And in like manner, the possessor of a single style will cut an absurd figure when he settles down to chat in the ponderous periods of a Gibbon. We thank goodness that our stylistic wardrobe is more plentifully furnished ; and that while we can treat serious things in a serious and sober manner, so can we gossip with our esteemed readers in the language of the easy-chair. We strive to avoid the fault ascribed by Goldsmith to Johnson ; and we hope that we never make our little fishes talk like whales, but that we make a proper use of both the piscicular and the cetaceous manner. Sometimes, to be sure, we inject a few cetaceous words into a piscicular discussion ; but this is always done when we want to get a rise out of somebody —and the device never fails. The fact is, it is we who are editing THE BOOKMAN, and we have to do it in our own way ; for if we didn't do it in our own way we couldn't do it at all—and we rather enjoy doing it. When the time comes for a successor to take our place, he will doubtless have a better way, but it will also be his own way and wholly natural to him. So this is what we have to say, and we are sorry if any very, very serious readers do not see it in that light. We hate to differ from them, for they are all clear, white souls, and we have the greatest respect for them even though they do not think as we do about style.

XIX.

A highly esteemed correspondent in Quincy, Massachusetts, sends us a six-page letter, of which the first sentence is as follows :

"You're a brick !"

We should like to print the rest of the letter, but we can't, because we are so painfully modest. Yet we feel constrained to call attention to the sentence just quoted, in spite of the ceramic compliment which it contains ; for it seems to us to be in its way a perfect model of style. It is simple and direct, terse, nervous, and forcible, conveying a great truth in a compact and impressive way, stripping the thought of all superfluous verbiage, and yet obviating any possibility of baldness, by the use of a strictly classical metaphor. We commend its careful study to the Clear White Souls.

THE OAK IN AUTUMN.

The Druid monarch swings his branches low,
His sinuous leaves aflame with Autumn dyes,
As if they reddened in the altar-glow,
Amid the hush, around some sacrifice.

Benjamin F. Leggett.

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NEW BOOKS.

AUBREY DE VERE'S "RECOLLECTIONS."*

Aubrey de Vere was born at the beginning of the century in the year 1814—at least, so we gather from the context, for nowhere is it precisely stated in these pages. There is a delightful disregard of dates outside of the chapter headings, which rids the book of the tedium of a chronicle and invests it with the panoramic picturesqueness of a series of graphic portraits and personal reminiscences. "Recollections" and "Autobiographies," as the author himself says in his preface, are very different things; and this book belongs to the former class, not to the latter. "We have seen persons and places which have amused or interested us, and it occurs to us that if accurately described they might amuse or interest others also; but this is a very different thing from writing one's biography, with which the world has little concern. Moreover," with a touch of Hibernian humour, "Self is a dangerous personage to let into one's book." So reasons the author with the maturity of wisdom and common sense which old age does not always bring to such a task, for it must be remembered that Aubrey de Vere has climbed the white summit—the "Mont Blanc of fourscore," as the Autocrat said over the teacups—and has rested there for five years. "Self" has entered into his book we must say, but not as a dangerous personage, rather as a delightful personality; and the quality of it is blended with urbanity, humour, sensibility, sapience and a gracious garrulousness unspoiled by the egotism of small minds. In the long retrospect of nearly a century the danger of massing together one's recollections, especially of such a century as the nineteenth, lies more in remembering too much than too little. But the art of forgetting the uninteresting and the remote has been wisely cultivated by Aubrey de Vere, and only those familiar scenes and events made sure to the touch of memory and quick to the awakening response of the imagination by the intimacy of association and experience are reproduced in these chapters from a life teeming with many interests, political, social, religious, and literary. Although avoiding the method of autobiography, the recollections are grouped and sorted after a chronological fashion that gives them sequence and order; they are not of the kind called "rambling." Nor do they degenerate into what the author calls "inferior matter." Indeed, whether it arise from literary parsimony or a judicious fear of boring the reader, we have been deprived of some half dozen portraits of eminent men, and a second chapter on the great Irish Famine (1846–50); "however," adds the aged but irrepressible Celt with the resiliency of his race, "another volume may remedy such deficiencies."

Aubrey de Vere's earliest recollections are of his Irish home, Curragh Chase, standing back from the merry misery of the poor in a flood of summer sunshine. One advantage of civilisation, then, whatever its disadvantages, was that the hall door of the house could be left open all night and property run no danger of being molested. "O Ireland," he exclaims at a later date, "barbaric Ireland! How little were thy merits appreciated in the days before railways!" It was the time when England may have "expected every man to do his duty," but when Ireland expected every man to do, possibly, some other man's duty, in any case to do whatever amused him—ride well, stand by a friend, say good things and fight duels. Duels were in those days the most mirthful of pastimes.

"In Dublin there still remains a tradition of two lawyers—one the biggest, and the other the smallest man in Irish society—who met in the Phœnix Park, just after sunrise, to indulge in that amusement. As they approached each other, the big man set his glass to his eye and exclaimed: 'But where is my honourable opponent? For I really cannot see him.'

"'What's that he's saying?' demanded the little man.

"'I just remarked,' replied the big man, 'that I am so large that if you miss me, you are like the man who, when he took aim at the parish church, never succeeded in hitting the parish.'

"'What is that big Golumbus of a man babbling about?' was his small antagonist's re-

* Recollections of Aubrey de Vere. New York: Edward Arnold. $4.00.

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joinder. 'That I can't miss him and he cannot see me? Let his second get a bit of white chalk and draw my exact size and shape on that huge carcass of his; and any bullet of mine that hits outside that white line shall not count.'"

It is recorded of Mr. de Vere's grandfather, who had no taste for duels, that at a great public dinner, when the "health" of Lord Castlereagh, to whom he had a strong aversion, was proposed, he parried the insult of refusal to drink, which could only be expiated by a duel, by lifting his glass with the others and saying: "Here's to the health of my Lord Castlereagh;" adding with a significant expression of face, "The Lord be troublesome to him!"

The earliest political event which Mr. de Vere remembers is the death of King George III. About this time the child of seven years old was taken to England. The family travelled in a very large old coach with four black horses. It took them four days to reach Dublin, and twice as many more to reach London. The compensation for slow travelling in those days was, however, the leisurely enjoyment of many fair sights and scenes which the traveller now misses. During their residence in London his father, Sir Aubrey de Vere, published his first drama, *Julian the Apostate*, and also his second, *The Duke of Mercia*, the former of which was declared—by Hartley Coleridge it is believed—to be a drama of a higher order than any which Lord Byron had written. Byron was then the popular poet, "who must have deprived the world of as much poetry as he ever produced," quaintly remarks our author. "I remember asking my father whether Byron or Scott was the greater man, and his answering, 'Scott, because he is as great, and he is a good man also.'"

Gerald Griffin, a friend of Mr. de Vere's in youth and a man of remarkable genius, whose early promise in *The Collegians* was so quickly blighted by the religious cloud which engulfed his erratic nature, was one of his first literary familiars. Griffin's novel *The Collegians*, better known by the vulgar sensationalism of its dramatic condensation, *The Colleen Bawn*, was a great and immediate success, and the author was pronounced by several critics to be the best novelist of the time next to Sir Walter Scott. We have the critical testimony of Aubrey de Vere for it, that it presents the best picture existing of Irish peasant life—at once the most vivid and the most accurate. "Its comic parts are the most comic, and its tragic the most tragic to be found in Irish literature." We submit this to the editor of the Illustrated Standard Novels Series being published by the Macmillan Company. Surely a work of fiction of this rank, which although frequently reprinted is now very rare, is worthy of being included in such a series. Griffin had a knowledge of early Irish history, and a long series of historic romances illustrating Ireland, as Scott's had illustrated Scotland, was expected of him. But the country he loved so well lost its chance of an Irish Burns or an Irish Scott; and, adds his biographer, the unfriendly critic will say, "So fares it with Irish gifts; the lower hit their mark, the highest miss it, sometimes by going to one side of it, and as often by going above it!"

Aubrey de Vere has been a warm, loyal-hearted patriot, and his love of Ireland and her people, his deep sympathy with her struggles and aspirations, his appreciation of her sterling virtues, his benign pity for her faults, and his veneration for her great sons who have toiled and sweated for her emancipation, morally, socially and politically, are sounded in fearless accents that have in them not only the Celtic fire, but the cool judgment of reflection and moderation. There are racy accounts of Daniel O'Connell, Feargus O'Connor, Shiel, and others, all of them known to the author; and he devotes a chapter to clearing up misapprehension and unjust representations regarding the Irish proprietors during the troublous years of the Irish famine. The statement of an impartial writer in the opposing political camp which he quotes sums up his own conclusions: "The bulk of the Irish landlords manfully did their best in that dread hour. . . . Cases might be named by the score in which such men scorned to avert the pressure on their suffering tenantry the fate they saw impending over themselves. They went down with the ship."

But though dear to his heart is the country of Erin, and though fruitful to the student of history these mature and sage political reflections may be, yet we find the peculiar flavour and attraction of this book to lie in the reminiscences

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of Wordsworth, of Sir Henry Taylor, Christopher North, Cardinal Newman, and especially of Cardinal Manning. Many of his recollections have already been embodied in letters contributed by him to the Memoirs of Lord Tennyson, Lord Houghton, and Sara Coleridge; and in his *Essays*, published in three volumes by the Macmillan Company, he has familiarised us with his pleasant personal relations with Wordsworth, Taylor, Trench, Coventry Patmore, Landor, and others. But there is much more here and more of it interesting. It was in the early forties that he visited England's lakeland. We wish we could give his description of Tintern Abbey, so characteristic is it of the writer's poetic sentiment kept sane by the humour of common things which constantly seasons his exuberant fancy. Here is part of it:

"When I reached Tintern Abbey the moon had climbed over the woody ridges and shone on the grey walls with a brilliance that made the southern arch, seventy feet high, look as dark as the mouth of a cave. Close by the ruin stood one of those clean and beautiful little inns special to England. They gave me a well-furnished bedroom, though one so small that the honeysuckles which made their way through the open window trailed on to the bed. Very soon I sallied out to see the ruins. The gates were locked, but I was left free to walk round and round the building and get glimpses into the interior through the long windows the traceries of which cast their ebony bars over plats of grass whitened by moonbeams. The wind sighed in the ivy, and the river murmured close by; and there was no sound beside, except that of an old white horse that cropped his meal in the churchyard, and left an occasional sigh on the sward."

Mr. de Vere passed several days under Wordsworth's roof, which he regards as the greatest honour of his life. They rose early and went to bed early. "Each night prayers were read by Mrs. Wordsworth in a voice full of reverence and sweetness. He (Wordsworth) knelt near with his face hidden in his hands. That vision is often before me." "Rich and rare" must have been the burden of their conversation during those days, for the harvest of a quiet eye and ear has treasured a store of good things that will make the lover of Wordsworth greatly a debtor to Mr. de Vere. Wordsworth showed him the scenes to which he was most attached, and recorded many incidents connected with them. During their walks together Wordsworth's chief theme, next to Nature, was poetry. He did not think very highly of our modern poets except Coleridge, of whom he affirmed that no other poet had ever had so exquisite an ear, and that if he had gone on writing poetry for ten years more he must have been the greatest poet of the modern world. In a letter of Wordsworth to Mr. de Vere there is this delightful dictum:

"Certain it is that old men's literary pleasures lie chiefly among the books they were familiar with in their youth; and this is still more pointedly true of men who have practised composition themselves."

Again he writes:

"Publication was ever to me most irksome; so that if I had been rich I question whether I should ever have published at all, though I believe I should have written."

Later in these reminiscences, Mr. de Vere tells us that several friends looking upon the face of Wordsworth as he lay on his bed of death, were deeply impressed by the resemblance which his face then bore to that of Dante, as preserved in the best portraits, a resemblance which they had never noted before.

But space fails us to tell of Hartley Coleridge, who "could do everything but keep his footing" and who "wandered like a breeze;" of Sir Henry Taylor, with whom Aubrey de Vere travelled in company, chiefly in Italy, when (1843–44) the former was ordered South on account of ill health; of his travels in Switzerland and in Scotland; of Cardinal Newman and Cardinal Manning. The chapter on Manning especially commends itself to the reader by its staunch tribute to the disinterested character of the man. A very fine and appreciative portrait is that of Cardinal Newman, showing us glimpses of the man under the wearer of the Red Hat. The metaphysical or theological may care to read the chapter, "My Submission to the Roman Catholic Church;" but for us we passed hastily to the more edifying one which follows it recounting the political changes witnessed between 1848 and 1895. A concluding chapter on "Some of My Poems, their Aims and Objects," brings the volume to a close.

You will remember that we quoted Mr. de Vere at the beginning of this review as setting out to "amuse" and "interest" others by describing the persons and places he had himself seen in

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his lifetime. If every other reader who peruses this volume of recollections gets as much amusement out of it and is as keenly interested in its recital as we have been he will have nothing to complain of. Immensely readable for its story of incidents, its pictures of celebrated places, and for its well-drawn portraits of eminent men of whom the world never tires hearing, Aubrey de Vere's *Recollections* merits a wide recognition. Few books of reminiscences have been published for some time which equal this one in value and interest.

James MacArthur.

"SARACINESCA FISHES FOR PAGLIUCA."*

An artist may compose a great novel in one of two ways. He may surrender himself, mind, body, soul and conscience, to the inspiration, regarding the setting forth of whatever vision or dream has come to him as the one great necessity, to which must give way all conceivable duties either to God or man. Or he may welcome the creative impulse with a burning heart, it is true, yet a cool brain, and carry out its behests not because it commands, but because he himself wills it, and with a hand so steady, and so invincible a determination, that neither interruption, adverse criticism nor even the deadening influence of unsympathetic surroundings can do more than perhaps slightly to delay the progress of his work toward completion.

Of the first psychological condition most workers in any art know something; the second is peculiar to the great artist alone, and in him is the result of a long and arduous training. When we have added that the latest work of Mr. Marion Crawford bears the unmistakable stamp of having been precisely so wrought out, it will at once be evident what rank we are inclined to claim for the author among American novelists.

And we should claim for him the very highest, had he never written anything but *Corleone*. Unfortunately, he is a writer most unequal in execution, heavily handicapped by his enormous popularity, so that his work is not always even conscientious; at times it is meretricious, at times deliberately *scampéd*; so that we can hardly credit that the same brain evolved the utter futility of *Adam Johnstone's Son*, and the lame and impotent conclusion of *A Rose of Yesterday*, and (for an example on the other side) the sane strength and virility of the Saracinesca trilogy, to which *Corleone* has now added a fourth chronicle of that noble house.

It is, however, not through its sanity that Corleone will appeal to the average novel-reader, who—under breath be it spoken—is not averse to a touch of hysteria. The mere story is of absorbing interest, and possesses the transcendent merit that even a blasé and veteran reviewer is altogether unable to foresee the conclusion. And yet the sequence of events is of absolute necessity, following one upon the heels of the other with that inevitability which in itself betokens the hand of the master workman. Beginning in Rome, thence shifting to Sicily, and so back and forth, the mere local colour of the scene of action is of a depth and variety to excite an ordinary writer to extravagance of diction, to enthusiasm, at least, of description; the plot is highly dramatic, not to say sensational; but Mr. Crawford's manner from first to last is that of the impartial historian; not once is he moved to apostrophe or invective; he distinguishes as calmly between ignorance and innocence in the case of the young Vittoria as he analyses the nervous tension produced in Tebaldo Pagliuca by his wilful and deliberate assassination of Francesco, his brother. "He had not the sort of real timidity under a superficial recklessness which begins to feel remorse almost as soon as the irrevocable deed is done. But little by little . . . a kind of stealing horror surrounded him, and would not leave him . . . the horror . . . *of having destroyed at a blow, something to which he had been accustomed all his life.*" The italics are ours; they mark a depth of cold, clear insight, which—shall we speak the truth?—rather repels one as almost unhuman.

The motto which we have placed at the head of this review was one way of reading certain letters, engraved on the floor of the little Sicilian Church of Santa Vittoria. Begun at another point

* Corleone. By F. Marion Crawford. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.00.

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—for it ran round a circle like a disk—it made a sense very different; no one knew what might be the true reading, but there existed a superstition that when it should come true the last Corleone should die, and the Pagliuca d'Oriani should end. And now, once again, an ordinary writer would have made this Sibylline sentence the keynote of his tale, or at least would have caused it to fulfil itself. Mr. Crawford views it as a curious and interesting superstition, but it has no shadow of influence either upon himself or the events which he narrates, and its fulfilment is merely a singular coincidence.

In the manner of death of one of these Pagliuca, our author has created one of the strongest situations with which we are acquainted, either in the novel or the drama. The murderer of his brother in this same old Church of Santa Vittoria, finding that he has unwittingly had the young priest Ippolito Saracinesca for a witness, communicates the crime to him, without loss of a moment, under the seal of confession. Then, caring not, knowing not, whether his astounded auditor has absolved him or not, he straightway leaves the church, locking the door behind him, and denounces Ippolito to the authorities as the murderer. The ingenuity of it baffles belief in its invention by mortal mind. Surely it must have happened! Of a similar nature is Concetta's denunciation of the same rather unlucky young priest, who has just rescued her from the violence of Francesco. "And you thought I would turn and accuse a Corleone when I could accuse a Saracinesca? You do not know us," says Concetta.

Truly we may confess it without shame we do not know the Sicilians, if these are they; and we may add without a blush that we do not want to! Mr. Crawford probably does; at least his calm, dispassionate narrative compels belief. Certainly the national character as depicted by him is thoroughly self-consistent; even that charming and childlike villain, "the Moscio," is in his hands more entirely comprehensible than one's dearest friends and nearest relations. That Aliandra should be attracted by this delightful person is perfectly intelligible, and may contain the seed of another Sicilian tale; in the mean time, if Mr. Crawford's presentment of the island, with its mixed Saracen and Greek ancestry, be as voracious as it appears, if the Mafia be "not a band . . . but a sentiment, a feeling, a sort of wild love of our country," then he has rendered an important service to social science, in addition to creating one of the strongest and most delightful novels of our century.

John Lennox.

NATURE IN DANTE.*

As a rule the Dante monograph, like other special treatises, is apt to prove caviare to the general. Dante's theology, his philosophy, his politics are not subjects which appeal strongly to the layman. But every one, old and young alike, who has once come under the spell of Florence, and has felt the witchery of Tuscan skies, must have some curiosity to know what emotions these same aspects of nature awoke within the poet who is of all others most closely identified with the life of mediæval Italy. And for this reason Professor Kuhns's unpretentious but thoroughly scholarly little volume ought to appeal warmly to the general reader as well as to the student of Dante.

It has the sterling merit of being written in a broad spirit of impartiality; the author has sought to collect and sift down all the passages in the *Divina Commedia* that in any way bear upon his subject, together with whatever side lights the *Vita Nuova* or *Canzoniere* afford; and this he seems to have accomplished with commendable thoroughness, and has presented his results in a style at once lucid and entertaining. Taken as a whole, the book cannot be said to throw any especially new light upon Dante's attitude toward nature, but rather to confirm previously accepted views. "My object," he says, "has not been to deny Dante's claim to be considered a close observer and a genuine lover of Nature—for this I believe to be true of him in an eminent degree—and I fully concur in the opinion of Burckhardt and Humboldt, who consider him the first poet to show the modern appreciation

* The Treatment of Nature in Dante's Divina Commedia. By L. Oscar Kuhns, Professor in Wesleyan University, Middletown, U. S. A. New York: Edward Arnold. $1.50.

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of the world in which we live" (p. 44); but at the same time he finds that "when compared with modern writers, Dante seems narrow in the use he makes of nature; the poet and the painter of to-day manifest a deep and wide sympathy for all manifestations of life, and for all variety of scenery. . . . The feeling for the sublime and wild in Nature, which is entirely lacking among the ancients, is also lacking in Dante." In their attitude toward nature there is a close analogy between Dante and the early Florentine painters, beginning with Cimabue and Giotto, as has been well brought out by Mr. Ruskin, in his delightful chapters on "The Mediæval Landscape" (*Modern Painters*, Part IV., chaps. xiv., xv.), to which Professor Kuhns has frequent occasion to acknowledge his indebtedness; in poet and painter alike we see the same effort to emancipate themselves from their classical or Byzantine models; but the trammels of tradition were not to be thrown off in a single generation. One of Professor Kuhns's most interesting chapters is that on "Dante's Conventional Treatment of Nature," in which he shows Dante's extensive indebtedness to the Bible and to classic writers, Vergil, Ovid, and others, for stock phrases and metaphors, many of which have become the common property of poets in all ages. "The only wonder," he concludes, "is not that Dante has so many conventional references to nature, but that, in spite of the artificiality of his times, he gives such striking evidence of close personal observation of the world about him" (p. 19). And he cites the many phases of Nature which Dante was the first to introduce into poetry, "such as the hand bathed and smoking in winter, the change of colour in burning paper, the lizard flashing across the sunlit road, and especially the phosphorescent glow on water at night" (p. 186). What seems to impress him especially is Dante's topographical accuracy, and he dwells upon the exactness and minuteness of the poet's descriptions of the course of the Arno (Purg. XIV., 16 sq.), and of the location of Mantua (Inf. XX., 61 sq.). But notwithstanding Dante's keen powers of observation and accuracy of detail, the most casual reader of Professor Kuhns's book cannot fail to note the absence in the *Divina Commedia* of all that we are in the habit of thinking of as the salient features of an Italian landscape—the blue sky, the blue waters of the Mediterranean, the matchless scenery of the Riviera, the olive groves and vineyards, with all the busy life attending the vintage and the gathering of the olives—all, in short, which in modern parlance goes to make up the *milieu*, is lacking. "We must confess," admits Professor Kuhns with visible reluctance, "that the direct evidence in the *Divina Commedia* of an appreciation of the natural beauties of Italy in any way comparable to that shown by modern writers is very small;" and in almost every chapter he is forced to show his surprise at such a want of appreciation. For example, "in all references to the sea there is a strange absence of colour in the descriptions. . . . The waters of the Mediterranean are very beautiful, and show every shade of colour, according to circumstance. But of all this there is not one word in the *Divina Commedia*" (p. 87). Or again, "There is not the slightest evidence in the *Divina Commedia* of a love for the simple, wild, uncultivated flowers, those which are found in the fields and along the wayside" (p. 116); that "as in the case of flowers, the number of different trees is surprisingly small, and forms a striking contrast with Vergil and even Ovid" (p. 123); that the "most common birds used by troubadours and minnesingers are the nightingale and lark. . . . It is rather singular that Dante has so little reference to them" (p. 135); and similarly, in regard to places, that "of all the beauty which hovers about Venice, floating on the bosom of the Adriatic, not a trace can be found in the *Divina Commedia*." A similar comment has been made by Ruskin of Dante's apparent lack of appreciation of the magnificent panorama of the Val d'Arno and the purple range of the mountains of Carrara, which one commands from the hill of San Miniato. Of course it is unwise to build too much upon the omission of certain phases of nature from the *Divina Commedia*, and Professor Kuhns is quite justified in being persuaded that "in spite of the above facts, Dante did appreciate the beauty of his native land." But the tendency of his book is to leave a vague sense of doubt and disillusion.

How many good books are marred by an unsatisfactory index! The present

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one might have been considerably amplified with profit, while a table of passages cited, without detracting from the popular character of the book, would have greatly increased its value to the specialist.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

THREE PARTNERS.*

In the chastened words of Whisky Dick, we wish to offer our congratulations and felicitations to Mr. Harte on his having written so delightful a story, and one that embodies so distinctly the noble qualities, and their defects, which have made his personality the force it has been in American literature. There is here the same gift of lucent narration, the same deft selection of incidents and love of unravelling mysteries, the same plucky determination not to blink the tragic and irreparable facts of human conduct, which have always informed his writing, and these, as usual, threaten to play the very mischief with his dramatic instinct and his delineation of character. No one but a genuine artist in intent could emerge so creditably from such a *mêlée* with himself, or indeed be under the constant and harassing necessity of essaying so many things at once. If it should be found that the book before us lacks wholeness and symmetry and abounds in clever artificial situations—"curtains," grand entrances and exits; that its four central figures are Dickensian incarnations of a single trait or characteristic, and its minor personages, being less strongly accentuated, are more complex and human, though less appealing, because the targets of the author's gentle satire; and that its humour, founded upon truth rather than exaggeration, and taking its hue from the complications of the plot, alone remains intact before the surge and undertow of conflicting ideals, let us yet be thankful for those ideals, and lenient toward one who has attempted much and been unable to weld into complete harmony the intricacies of his design.

The three partners who carved their fortune out of Heavy Tree Hill were Stacy the practical, Demorest the contemplative, and Barker the impulsive. Stacy got them away in time from the ill-fated cabin, in three years became a rich banker, and curbed the others' *penchant* for wildcat investments. Demorest, in his all-night vigil before they packed off to Booneville and ever afterward, brooded on the vision of a fair young girl whom he had abandoned, in obedience to a malicious forged letter, that he might remove the reproach of his poverty. Now it was the sight of a stagecoach, now of a photograph, that reminded him of his buried past. We leave him happy in the discovery that the loved one was not dead, as he had been informed, and gloomily wondering if she had "grown stouter and more complacent." Barker, who always believed in everybody until they believed in themselves, and then "shook" him, who was not only open to deceit, but seemed to invite it, to whom "all women were either virgins or married saints," wedded a vulgar little fool who carped at his enthusiasms, talked loudly in hotel dining-rooms, and berated hotel clerks, and finally eloped with her broker. Barker drifted into chimerical but lucky speculations. He fell effusively in love with a Mrs. Horncastle, of infelix reputation, who in his eyes was "as noble as she was generous and handsome." And when his wife, deserted by the lover of her money, drove up in a buggy, dirty and dishevelled, he incurred her everlasting contempt by tenderly assuming that she had been to the Divide looking after the money he had given her. Each one of the trio is drawn with firm, broad strokes, and stands out unrelieved by lights or shadows. Nor is our old friend Jack Hamlin, who hovers about like a good angel, guarding their treasure and visiting wrath upon the robber and murderer in their midst, conceived differently. He is a buoyant soul with "not a crease in his white waistcoat nor a speck upon his varnished boots." That is all.

Every one of these characters is essentially simple. While you are under the glamour of the romance, they are all momentarily convincing. You fancy that you have met a Barker, a Demorest, a Stacy, if not a Hamlin. Yet I venture to say that in real life they are far outnumbered by the Van Loos, the Mrs. Horncastles, and the Steptoes,

* Three Partners; or, The Big Strike on Heavy Tree Hill. By Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

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Not that defaulters, and claim jumpers, and cutthroats, and adventuresses are in the majority (*pas du tout!*), but that almost everybody is a bundle of inconsistencies, actuated in each deed by a confluence or clash of motives, as were Clive Newcome, Silas Marner, Sir Willoughby, and Diana of the Crossways. You can think of no one of *them* as a personified trait. But eliminate Barker's impulsiveness, or Demorest's lovesickness, and he is a cipher. And Hamlin's immaculateness is a mere external ticketing, like Carker's display of his teeth, or Mrs. Gamp's or Mr. Micawber's favourite speech.

Perhaps their very simplicity renders them the more pliable in the construction of telling scenes. Why does Barker arrive at the hotel the very moment Van Loo is expected by Mrs. Barker? Why does Mrs. Horncastle receive calls, on the same afternoon and in the same room, from her brutish husband, from whom, as Barker said, "all California would gladly see her divorced;" from the fibbing wife whom she had warned against eloping with a swindling hypocrite; and from the only man in the world she ever cared for? Why does the dishevelled Mrs. Barker drive up when her husband has just confided to Mrs. Horncastle: "If I had loved her truly I could not have touched *your* lips"? Why does Demorest torture himself with the thought of his sleeping "in the same bed lately occupied by the mother of the man who was suspected of having forged his name"? Why, indeed, unless Mr. Harte makes his characters dance attendance on contrasted effects and theatric climax?

As if it were not enough, like one of his own stage-drivers, to hold two pairs of reins, Mr. Harte has given us in this story a couple of ghastly enigmas. While Demorest sat dreaming of his sweetheart on the night before the partners' evacuation of their shanty, he heard "a gentle brushing of some yielding substance" in the corner where the gold nuggets lay concealed. Lifting the blanket, he beheld a human hand reaching in between the logs, which he promptly jabbed with his bowie knife, amputating two of the fingers. Whose hand this was, is a sealed mystery for some three hundred pages. It haunts one's imagination like the hand Tom Sawyer saw in the cave or the single footprint Robinson Crusoe spied on the beach. Then there is the question, who forged that heart-breaking letter, and how the photograph of Demorest's *fiancée*, standing on Mrs. Van Loo's mantel-shelf, could have been taken and dated two years after her death.

Altogether, it is a story of thrilling and diversified interest. Mr. Harte has given us of his best. His humour is—thank Heavens!—more like Irving's and Thackeray's than Mr. John Kendrick Bangs's—"subtle and pervasive," as they say, rather than jestful and distorted. "Amorous tryst," by the way, is an excellent misprint. But why, O Mr. Harte, this carnival, one might almost say *Moulin Rouge*, of split infinitives?

George Merriam Hyde.

A SISTER OF THE SAINTS.*

Nearly five centuries ago there was born in a little village, among the Vosges Mountains, to Jacques d'Arc and Isabel Romée, his wife, a girl, who was, perhaps, considering her education and what she accomplished, the greatest military genius whom the world has ever seen. Born of pure and strong peasant parents, living the simple, free peasant life, she was healthy and vigorous both in mind and body. At the age of about seventeen she exhibited, in addition to military genius (in itself not unaccountable, under the mysterious law of prenatal influence), a purity or sexlessness not infrequently found at that age in girls of unusually vigorous mental gifts and a moral character so noble and lofty, combined with so rare a spirituality as to overshadow all her other qualities, and cause her to be considered, in her own day and in ours, "The Sister of the Saints."

Now, it happens, singularly enough, that in three important historical novels which have recently appeared three views have been presented of this character of Jeanne d'Arc which are distinctly progressive in relation to one another. The first of these, *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc*, said to be from the pen of her page and secretary, Louis de Conte, and really written by Mark

* The Days of Jeanne d'Arc. By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. New York: The Century Co. $1.50.

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Twain, or Mr. Clemens, bears the stamp of inaccuracy on its title-page in the name "Joan of Arc;" which impresses the judicious reader with a grief as sincere as if the late Lord Beaconsfield were termed "Mr. Benjamin of Israel." The name is, moreover, precisely typical of the book, in which, at the expense of vast study and an immensity of manual labour, Mr. Clemens has succeeded in travestying Jeanne d'Arc and her time. Probably this opinion of ours will tend to an emptying of the vials of wrath on the part of the millions of admirers who have been won to Mark Twain by his undoubted genius; but genius is only permitted to transgress all the received canons of a given art when the result is demonstrably a success. In the present case Mr. Clemens was handicapped by his professional position as a humourist; and perhaps we can best appease his friends, lovers, and especially his countrymen, by defining that typically American trait of which he is the best exponent. American humour in its origin is largely the faculty of making the best of things, united to a distaste for stage effect or "making a scene;" it avoids apparent egoism by a belittling of the really heroic features of any story which it undertakes to tell, and exaggerates details which would otherwise be sufficiently commonplace, with a final result obviously grotesque. Now all this is well enough in its own place—for example, in *A Connecticut Yankee at the Court of King Arthur*—but the user of this method becomes himself as insensible to its effects as if it were any other nerve excitant; and evidently Mr. Clemens is perfectly unconscious in his *Joan of Arc* of an incongruity which to the reader is even acutely painful. And yet we could forgive his slipshod Connecticut English—*e.g.*, "arrived back," or to do a thing "evenings;" we could overlook the fact that his *Paladin* is simply a cheap American edition of Daudet's *Tartarin;* we could almost pardon his utter inability to understand any point of view except that of a nineteenth century Protestant of Hartford, Conn.; what we can never forgive in Mr. Clemens is his invincible ignorance of the true nature of inspiration, which, while he recognises Joan's purity of thought and intention, leaves him content with his private theory that she "imagined" her visions, while he tries to hoax the reader into a firm belief in them, in her, and in the alleged author. Mr. Clemens's *Joan of Arc* is a not unattractive though a trifle masculine, American girl, who keeps the reader awake all the time by her "smartness" and stirred with wonder at her powers of endurance; even the author dimly recognises in her a certain spiritual something which he values, no doubt, but has not the slightest desire to possess in and for himself.

Upon this ideal of our heroine the Jeanne d'Arc of Mr. Andrew Lang, in *A Monk of Fife*, is a distinct advance. Needless to dwell upon the historic setting, upon the delicacy of characterisation, upon the beautiful and poetic diction, or the absolute correctness of the point of view which is always that, not of the author, but of the Monk of Fife, once a brave soldier of Jeanne la Pucelle, and the faithful lover of Maid Elliot. But the Jeanne d'Arc of Mr. Lang is not the inspired deliverer sent from heaven. How should she be? She is rather an impossible Vala maid, pure, lofty, courtly in manner, tender of heart, even childlike, and possessed in a pre-eminent degree of that mysterious second sight, in the existence of which Mr. Lang's Scottish birth will not permit his agnosticism entirely to lose faith.

Now turn to Mrs. Catherwood's *The Days of Jeanne d'Arc*, and we find ourselves at once in the company of the "Sister of the Saints." This is the distinguishing mark; for the rest, she is a peasant as other peasants, nor very far above the best of them, such as her own parents, her brother Pierre, and the lovely and radiant petite Mengette. Only Jeanne is the sister of the saints, sharing with them in divine communion and fellowship. And it is well to note just here that in her preface the author confesses, "at the risk of provoking a smile," that her book is the "result of a divine hint." For which word in itself we feel rather sorry, though it be the outcome of a divine modesty; for the divine commands, impels or inspires; it never hints.

But the result to the book is to place the author at once *en rapport* with her heroine; she does not merely describe her as the inspired maid; she herself feels in her own soul the burning of the same inspiration. From this truth of

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feeling results, first of all, a singularly delicate and dignified reserve and self-control; an avoidance of the vulgar heaping up of marvellous details, and a tendency to attribute as much as is possible to the working of natural laws, which is very like the supernaturalism of Scripture, and very unlike that of the *acta sanctorum*.

"But," says the *fin de siècle* reader, beginning a plea against enforced faith, if not in visions *per se*, at least in visions of the rabbinical St. Michael, and the more than half-mythical saints Catharine and Margaret; "but if these names stood to the peasant Jeanne for the fullest concept of the divine battle power, of royal authority, of immaculate virginity, then we know of a certainty that she was inspired and directed by precisely these forces and by none other. It becomes, in fact, an added wonder that the voices claimed to belong rather to these abstract conceptions than to characters more easily proven historical."

But let us pass from the soul of the story to its body, and observe its methods of construction; for Mrs. Catherwood's technique is scarcely equalled, certainly unexcelled in modern literature. She is by no means an impressionist; rather, her manner is that of the line engraver; her backgrounds are clear, distinct, accurate, full of detail, full of atmosphere, against which her figures stand out in a significant grouping that of itself tells the story. For indeed the story is told in a series of dramatic incidents rather than in a continuous narrative. A selection from these will help us to understand the author's method of getting her effects. First of all there is the peasant interior, the home of Durand Laxart; outside, the moonlight on the Mouse Valley; France, England and Burgundy at war in the far distance; in the foreground, the Angelus, and "his wife's cousin, Jeanne d'Arc, came out of the oven shed with a huge ring of bread in her hands. She slipped the ring upon her arm and joined her palms, bending her forehead to them. While the Angelus rang no man could speak a word to little Jehannette." The Man, the Woman, the Angelus! It is Millet! At once the reader is *en rapport;* more, he himself is a part of the scene. But this is not plagiarism, it is not clap-trap; it is the result of study as faithful as Millet's own, "of journeys over the maid's country . . . in voitures, on foot, in carts."

Again, even Andrew Lang fails to see that a miraculously recovered sword is a necessity for the divinely commissioned warrior of heaven; yet the old legends might have taught him this, though treated simply as myths, from King David to Siegfried, the hero. To be sure, he describes the finding of the old sword in a historical sort of way. Mrs. Catherwood brings Pierre d'Arc, wounded and weary, to the church of St. Katherine of Fierbois, and shows him the yawning dark gap in the wall beneath the feet of the statue, whence the sword had been taken.

Or how does she let us learn that at the Maid's intercession, refusing for herself any gift at all, the tax was taken forever from Domremy and Greux? There is discontent in Domremy because of the exaltation of the D'Arc family; there is the attempted drowning of Choux—a marvellous bit of drawing, by the way—with his hump, his red woollen cap, "his stealthy, hyena-like odour," and his boyish-voiced familiar. There is the defence of the cripple by Mengette; and finally, in the dimly lighted church, the voice of the curé, like a sword flashes across the people's penitence, "The king takes the burden of tax off Domremy and Greux. I have no more to say. Go home." And then the congregation weeping, "like one great sorrowful child."

Or, last of all, the martyrdom, where the unshrinking realism is yet softened by reflection in the mirror of Bertrand de Poulengy's mystically sympathetic experiences. The interview with D'Aulon, which immediately follows; the vow of Bertrand, understood, not distinctly related; the meeting with the executioner, and the floating out to the sea of the faithful squire with the ashes of his lady and mistress—is not this indeed a romance of the fifteenth century that we read? Hardly can one believe that the words are not in black letter upon vellum!

Mrs. Catherwood has done more than merely to revive for us the real Pucelle d'Orleans, living, breathing, and inspired, though this is much; for many years she has been the apologist, the interpreter of the Gallic character. *The Days of Jeanne d'Arc* is simply a further advance along the same lines. The

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Frenchman is not, as has been said, "half monkey and half tiger." Doubtless the tiger is there, perhaps the monkey also; but our author teaches us that there exists yet a third element—that he is a trinity, not a dualism; and that the third person in this trinity is sister to the saints.

August Max.

THE FANTASTIC FICTION; OR, "THE INVISIBLE MAN."*

I am very glad to see that there is now a chance of Mr. H. G. Wells acquiring the popular vogue and celebrity to which he is entitled. He has for some time been known as a remarkable and ingenious artist, and there were great things in his cycling story, *The Wheels of Chance*. But his effects have not been palpable and violent enough to win for him a great constituency of readers. In *The Invisible Man*, and still more in *The War of the Worlds*, now being published in the *Cosmopolitan*, he has written books which should be read eagerly and generally. My one fear for him is that he is going to write too much. There are by far too many paragraphs in the literary papers about forthcoming stories of his. Let me beseech him to hold his hand, to write few books, to write them as well as he can, and not to make them too short.

Such a kind of literature as that of which *The Invisible Man* is a specimen is inevitable. We are living in an age of inventions. The conditions of life are being more or less modified by these. It is very natural to imagine the development of invention; very natural also to ask whether the world will be any happier for it. Mr. Wells has remarkable literary abilities. He has also had a good scientific training, and he is saved alike by his sense and knowledge from the insanity which might easily wreck such attempts as these. *The Invisible Man* is not so good a book as it might have been and ought to have been, but it is decidedly striking and original, and what is rare in such books, it is also provocative of thought. The story is of a man who by following up certain scientific principles, which are carefully and plausibly explained, found that he could make himself invisible. He saw, not unnaturally, great possibilities in the discovery, possibilities of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice, and a power even greater than the power which goes with wealth. But he found when his goal was reached that it was not a paradise. In the first place, although invisible, he was not intangible. In the second place, although his body was invisible, his clothes were not. Consequently, in order to enjoy the full privileges of his invisibility, he had to go naked, which is uncomfortable in this non-Edenic climate. He found, further, that if he took food he was visible until it was assimilated, and of course the dishes on which it was contained were seen mounting to the unseen mouth. Mr. Wells has thoroughly worked out his plan in his own mind, and the result is decidedly amusing. It follows from the facts that the invisible man had to provide himself with a false face. He might, by dint of huge overcoats, disguise the absence of a visible body, but something had got to be done with his head. He develops, like all monsters, a cruel and murderous tendency, and is ultimately run to death after doing a great deal of mischief. The story is slight, and might be passed as a curiosity, but it suggests something of the limits of invention.

We are always reading about the great things Mr. Edison is to do. He has done nothing, so far as I can make out, for a long time. He is said to be continually experimenting and inciting hopes that at last he will begin. The fact is the limits of invention are apparently marked. We have inventions given us sufficient to maintain our social life amid growingly complex conditions. We could not live with the contrivances which served our grandfathers. The population of the world has increased so enormously that we have to make more haste, or to find means which will accelerate our work, and so we have railways, telegraphs, phonographs, telephones, and the like. But will anybody say that life has been made any easier by these inventions? Have they done more than keep pace with our steadily increasing needs? Is it easier for the average man to earn his living now than it was eighty years ago? I doubt it very much. Furthermore, has the happiness of life been materially increased by these inventions? Here again I doubt. We can travel much further and at a cheaper rate than our fathers,

* The Invisible Man. By H. G. Wells. New York: Edward Arnold. $1.25.

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but do we get out of our journeys the intense relish and enjoyment they did out of theirs? We have postal cards, and alas! that it should be said, people who are willing to use letter-cards, and the penny post, of course, but have we more pleasure from our correspondence than those who wrote more rarely, but who filled their letters with news and kindness? I am not certain. We seem always to be on the verge of some invention that will really alter the moods and complexions of human life, but an invisible hand seems to stay us, and we remain in the old circle of experiences.

Is it difficult to see the reason for this? There are certain inventions and discoveries which, if attained by man, would totally destroy the moral basis of life. Suppose, for example, that the secret of invisibility was discovered. Suppose it was discovered in a way not exempt from the limitations of Mr. Wells. Suppose whatever we were doing some one could come in through the closed doors, invisible, intangible, the witness of all we did, would not our whole moral life be overthrown? As I write these words, I know what is in my room. But suppose I wrote them with the haunting consciousness that the room might be peopled, what then? Would not the reason reel? Would not the supports of an ordinary life be suddenly struck away? There are strange approximations, like that of the Roentgen rays; but, after all, what do the Roentgen rays come to? They give some amusement at first, rather ghastly and short-lived amusement. They may possibly help doctors a little, though I now hear not much about that. But if it had been made possible to see the soul, how different would all things have been then! We have gone, as some think, dangerously far in the direction of hypnotism, but think how it might have been if one human will could totally subjugate and dominate another. The moral personality would be annihilated; in fact, every idea belonging to morality and religion would be gone, but "the abysmal secret of personality" has been kept, and will still be kept.

Happily there are no invisible men, and never will be any invisible men. But we are not ill-pleased that there is a Mr. H. G. Wells to beguile us by his ingenious fancies of what might be.

Claudius Clear.

STEVENSON'S "ST. IVES."*

That our palate was not keyed up to a proper enjoyment of this late unfinished romance of Stevenson's was a most vexatious discovery. While we enjoyed it as we have relished few tales of adventure published in the last few years, we recall how much more intense was our satisfaction in *Treasure Island* and *David Balfour*. The decrease of appetite for Stevenson's adventurous romances, which we reluctantly admit, is the effect of having been sated with his imitators. To Stevenson as the maker of modern romance we owe an allegiance that his followers can only crave. *St. Ives* deserves to be warmly regarded as a masterpiece of the adventurous school, and we hope that there are those who still keep their early zest for this phase of art to get its highest expression and aroma from these pages. It is one of the chief misfortunes of genius that it has to contend against that reaction which springs from the popularisation of its virtues. The success of Stevenson's exploitations has become the cause of general surfeit.

St. Ives must prove a grateful legacy to all Scotch lovers of Stevenson, not only because it is marked with some of the most characteristic and persuasive qualities of his art, but also because in its choice of material it seems like a homecoming of his spirit. In this unfinished romance, written some few months before his death, Stevenson binds his heart to the heather of his native land with a warmth that the long sojourn of his fancies elsewhere appears only to have increased. Coming at an interesting juncture in the literature of Scotland, when a new school is at its height, *St. Ives* offers in its distinctive treatment of native subject-matter an artistic protest of great liveliness. Those at least to whom the recently homely and dialectic fiction of that land has ever remained an unpalatable haggis will regard its local note as a relief after a bondage to difficult colloquialism and russet sentiment.

The buoyant temper of *St. Ives*, untouched as it is by any stress of gloom, is an affecting proof of the indomitable cheerfulness which cast its gage in the face of disease and death. The exhilaration of the book is in fact one of

* St. Ives. By Robert Louis Stevenson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

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its chief fascinations. Nor can its joyous character, artistically considered, be regarded as a mere factor of entertainment or of manner. It is manifest to even the casual reader that it is the serenity of real inner graciousness, a blitheness of spiritual conviction, which in a day of pessimistic constraint is a precious gift indeed. Perhaps no one in these latter decades has petitioned for this nobler phase of mind with such glow of zeal as has Stevenson in the expression of his sane and wholesome art. It is this hidden criticism of life that compounds a spiritual tonic in such frank vehicles of amusement as *Treasure Island* and *Kidnapped*.

The pith of *St. Ives* is the characterisation of the hero, the Vicomte Anne de Keroual. In the Vicomte Anne, Stevenson has given us a study of the most insinuating flavour, such as is not likely soon to elude one's consciousness. His humanness has that positive stamp of the complete delineation. The Vicomte convinces with a readiness that phrases a high commentary on Stevenson's acuteness of portrayal. As the fine gentleman of mind as well as of manner, he is worthy of association with Thackeray's select types and the rare few of all time that literature has produced. French to the last conceit of character, his aristocratical intonations would admit him without parley to the Faubourg de St. Germain. Lightness of spirits, readiness of wit, an aptitude for every situation—all that makes up the composition and conscience of the gallant soldier and courtier of the France of yesterday has full echo in *St. Ives*. A tale of such personal interest as the present one could have no better style of narrative than the monologue form, which in Stevenson's hands shows unusual plasticity and responsiveness. It may in the present instance afford the hero a little too much leisure for telling his story, and the reader, to whom incident is the salt of fiction, has some reason to quarrel with the Vicomte over his soliloquising before a mental mirror, but for the real Stevensonian these pauses will represent the conspicuous beauties of the romance.

The concatenations of accident in *St. Ives* do not illustrate the full range of Stevenson's ingenuity in the construction of plot. The excitements are of a less vigorous character than those of many of his earlier tales, holding the attention without blinding it to the frequent analytic touches and consummate turns of style which make *St. Ives* a masterpiece in a minor key. And it is this perfect balance that goes far to make it rank with the more classic literature of adventure, of which *Tom Jones* is an example, rather than with the breathless school of Jules Verne.

Flora Gilchrist, the cynosure of St. Ives's adoration, should by right of importance take her place next to the hero in the interest of the reader. Her power of assertion is not, however, of that commanding quality which distinguished Catriona's claim on the heart, and with the memory of that high-strung and thoroughly delightful Highland maid warm upon us, Flora seems by contrast a vague and unsuccessful portraiture. St. Ives wears his sentiment somewhat carelessly, we think, and in spite of a fine amorous fire which inspired his return to Edinburgh, voluble with dangers, for the sake of a token of his mistress's fidelity, one is half persuaded to the opinion that the actual incentive was an unruly appetite for adventure. Many of the less conspicuous characters, who mainly furnish pegs on which to hang the Vicomte's hopes and fears during his wanderings, are admirable thumb-nail impressionisms rich in humour and dry psychological discernment. Few may seem to hold an incontestable patent of novelty, but in minor idiosyncrasies and spice of speech they have that which baptises them to a fresh regeneracy. Of these it would be an unmerited slight indeed not to mention Rowley, valet and esquire to the hero. In Alain and Major Chevenix, the two characters of the book who hold the main vials of ill fortune for the Vicomte, there is little display of that vigorous originality common to Stevenson's creations of villainy. Seriously considered, these etchings are without great value in the larger sense. They strike no urgent note of emotion. They disclose nothing new of the intricacies of human nature. Humour is for the most part their rôle. It is, however, the humour of characteristics rather than of character. As a psychological performance, *St. Ives's* claim rests on the delineation of the hero ; the remainder of the book is recess after study-hour.

To speak of the delicate peach-bloom

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smoothness and exquisite modulations of Stevenson's style, as shown in *St. Ives*, is to reiterate a platitude concerning what must ever be his strongest appeal to remembrance, a charm that has no rival among contemporary writers. In the present tale that charm asserts itself throughout, in spite of distracting incidents; it is in itself an ample reward for a reading of the book. One almost fancies that the vintage of Stevenson's manner has grown a trifle mellower with the reserve of time, that it has taken to itself a more ingratiating savour. In no work of his, outside of his essays, does the vesture of his language seem to clothe so exactly the sense of his personality or deck his fancy with such variable and becoming attire. Delightful as is the style of *David Balfour*, we are inclined to think it is in *St. Ives* that Stevenson erects his true monument as a master of narrative style.

Mr. Quiller-Couch's part in the composition of *St. Ives* deserves cordial praise. He has shown, in weaving the story to a finish, a surprising aptitude at imitating Stevenson's whimsical methods and vivacity. Many of Stevenson's partisans doubtless resent the alien hand, and would have preferred the story as a torso to its present completed form; but beyond a question of choice in this matter there is little material for serious grievance. Mr. Quiller-Couch, in the episode of the balloon voyage, has given the closing chapters a dramatic force that would, we believe, have met with the hearty approval of Stevenson himself.

Edward O. Uffington Valentine.

THE STORY OF AN UNTOLD LOVE.*

Every wide reader of fiction has often been struck by the fact that while love is the subject of ninety-nine out of a hundred novels, a story that really throbs with the feeling is one of the rarest things in literature. So rarely, indeed, has an author been able to imprison in his pages the very spirit of passion—as the ruby holds the flame in its heart—that such a work seems always to win a place apart and to live as though the power were in itself one of the elements of immortality. There is no need to mention the titles of the few famous books of which this is true. Everybody knows *Manon Lescault* and *Paul and Virginia*, and the rest of these immortals, and they are only referred to in this connection because Mr. Ford's new novel is a striking illustration of the love story that is not a love story.

The opening pages appeal, it is true; the feeling of the first and second chapters is peculiarly warm and tender, having an intimacy that may come by reason of the author's method; for the use of the first person seems more susceptible of such effects than any other manner that a writer can employ. But the fine, soft touch is lost almost as soon as felt, and the excellence of Mr. Ford's good work bends forthwith in an entirely different direction.

It bends, in truth, in several different directions; so that while the book is full of interest, it is rather formless as a work of art. For example, the exquisite tenderness of the introductory pages changes abruptly to the keenest dissection of a literary career. The lover who tells the story leaves off love-making with an abruptness that no woman worth wooing would tolerate for a moment, and begins to describe in minutest detail the instincts of the literary temperament, the difficulty of following them, the bitter struggles at the foot of the ladder, and the perils of the ascent. As has been said already, it is all most interesting. It is, indeed, so interesting to every man and woman of letters that it would be hard for one of them to judge the work for the unprofessional reader. One of its searching questions is whether a writer may in honour allow his work to appear above another's signature. Most professional writers have been confronted by this problem, and have perhaps usually settled it—as the man of the story settles it—according to the pecuniary stress of the moment. Another—a clearer and still more vital question, lying closer to a wider world than that of literature—is the moral responsibility involved on the buyer's side—for there are many more such buyers than the uninitiated might suspect. The buyer in this case is a business man, and arguing apparently that all is fair in love, publishes as his own a

* The Story of an Untold Love. By Paul Leicester Ford. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

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book which another man has written, in order to commend himself to an intellectual woman who disdains the merely commercial. Of course the real author loves the same beautiful woman, and one wishes his scruples had asserted themselves before he knew why his rival had paid a fabulous sum for a dry manuscript. It must, however, be admitted that it was rather hard upon him to learn that the book had convinced the woman in the case that the other man was not a mere minting machine, but nobler, finer than he seemed, "that no man but one of noble character and fine mind could write from such a standpoint."

So much for the professional departure from the direct line of the story. It is perhaps unnecessary to follow the innumerable other divergencies, entertaining as most of them are, even when one does not subscribe wholly to the sentiments advanced, as in the long dissertation upon the higher education of women. It may be true that "women who know much of books know little of men, and that's why intellectual women always marry fools;" but one must have time to think about it. There would seem to have been exceptions, say Sappho for example, or George Sand, or George Eliot, or Mrs. Browning, or Mary Godwin, or a good many others. The proposition that "the cables have done more to aid the brotherhood of man' is simpler, although not perhaps in its connection more conducive to the artistic symmetry of the work.

And where, with all the brilliant paragraphs, ranging the largest fields of morals, and literature, and education, and manners, and religion, and politics—where is the spirit of love that has nothing, nothing, nothing in the world to do with any of these? And more incomprehensible of all, why the story of an *untold* love? For it is told many times—whenever, in fact, the lover happens to think of it amid the turmoil of many distracting interests. Told not only to the reader between epigrams on miscellaneous matters, and through letters to the lady, but *vis-à-vis*. The avowal is convincing to the lady, but hardly to the reader. Ah, well, one should not expect too much! After all, it may be almost as difficult to grasp love's real wings in modern fiction as to hold fast to them in real life. Mr. Ford's book, it ought to be added, has the excellent quality of being eminently readable, which characterises all his work.

George Preston.

QUEEN OF THE JESTERS.*

The Impregnable City won for Mr. Max Pemberton an American audience which has grown with each of his subsequent books. The growth may have been less rapid than that of certain contemporary English authors, but, on the other hand, it has been more steady and still advances. Strength was more marked than beauty in *The Impregnable City;* beauty in turn claimed *The Little Huguenot* and *Christine of the Hills*, and now comes the *Queen of the Jesters* to take a place between the two, as the nearest approach to the ideal union that the author has yet achieved.

There is a strong masculine element in the feeling of the eight stories which make up this volume, and which narrate adventures of the most stirring description, but the ruling power supreme over all is the "Queen of the Jesters," as womanly a little woman as ever "went wrong" in the phrase of the world which has so often and so cruelly misjudged her kind.

It might, perhaps, judge more justly, or at least with clearer understanding if it could ever come to believe—as this new book of Mr. Pemberton's seems to argue—that a woman may be at once fine and frail; that she may be as feminine and as weak as Nell Gwynne, yet hold, as poor Nell held, and as many great men have held, that all nobility is not bounded by virtue, and that all meanness does not belong to vice.

This, looking from a man's point of view may, of course, be admitted only in extenuation. Certainly it cannot be safely urged with any sort of directness. Mr. Pemberton as a true artist says not one word bearing directly upon the subject. He merely tells these charming stories, of which Corinne de Montesson, the king's favourite, is the central figure, showing her in every instance as the friend of the helpless, of justice, of mercy, of honesty and truth, always using her unlimited influence for good. Yet her aims are usually reached with such gaiety and laughter as cover the real

* The Queen of the Jesters. By Max Pemberton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

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intent, for this little woman possesses a large masculine sense of humour, which separates her still further from her own sex.

The tales have a semi-historical colouring, and are of the Old Paris of 1761. Mr. Pemberton knows France—and indeed several other countries—as well as he knows his own land, and he has consequently succeeded perfectly in creating the French atmosphere, and in maintaining it with unusual uniformity throughout the volume. It would be hard to say which of the stories is best. They are all distinctively of the period and of the race. The provincial scamp of the first story and the Parisian dwarf of the last story are equally French, and the work is filled throughout with the sights and the sounds of the city of the Seine. "A Prison of Swords" is one of the vividest sketches, so weirdly horrible, that the foot-note is needed to prove not only the artistic probability of the tale, but its historical accuracy. This note says :

"The Bombec Tower, it may be well to point out, was that tower of the *Conciergerie* prison in Paris, in which torture was generally inflicted. I have added nothing in this story to the historical descriptions of the cells in this horrible place. It was not until the end of the last century that these sunless dungeons were altered radically. At that time the swords in the walls, and the loathsome creatures which the Seine washed into the cells were still the talk of the curious."

Through these gruesome romances of prisons and daggers and duels and poisons, wherein life seems a hand-to-hand combat and force the only law, the Queen of the Jesters treads her perilous, merciful path. "The very air about her was laden with roses. Her girlish face was like the face of one of the Madonnas which the great masters had painted," and surely to one who loves humanity as Corinne de Montesson loved it much shall be forgiven.

It is a tribute to Mr. Pemberton's art that this is felt. There is less readiness to believe in the good heart of the woman who "goes wrong" than to accept the story of the "Prison of Swords" from which it has rescued some fellow-sinner. Yet his art convinces. He teaches charity to frailty as no sermon could preach it, while he deepens scorn of what is cruel and false. And it all looks so simple, too, on the surface—merely a group of dashing tales of adventure without purpose other than amusement. But what so simple as art! For this book seems the efflorescence of that seed which budded in *The Impregnable City*.

Nancy Huston Banks.

TWO FAMOUS SCOTS.*

These volumes are, in spite of certain defects both of plan and of style, useful and readable biographies, and worthy of the places they hold in the Famous Scots Series. It is plain that both Mr. Leask and Mr. Smeaton are enamoured of their subjects. They do not quite say, indeed, that there are no specks upon their suns. Mr. Leask could hardly even carry the *lues Boswelliana* so far as to claim perfection for the marvellous combination of moral weakness and genuine, if limited, intellectual capacity that wrote the *Life of Johnson*. Smollett also confessed so freely and fully to that sin of temper which marred his career, that Mr. Smeaton could not have ignored this side of his hero's life had he been so minded. Otherwise both writers are very ready with praise where that is possible, and with apologies where nothing else is available. On the whole, too, both may be allowed to have taken the right views of their heroes. There must have been a certain power of inspiring love in poor Boswell, in spite of his vanity—though that has been rather exaggerated by Macaulay and other critics—and in spite even of his lamentable infirmity, which often brought him not only to the ground, but into the gutter. But for his temper, or what Mr. Smeaton rather extravagantly terms "the vitriolic acidulousness as well as the saturnine bitterness of his nature," Smollett's life would not have been "a long-drawn-out epic of anguish from the cradle to the grave." Even as things were, the author of *Roderick Random* was not without his moments of personal ecstasy or his periods of domestic happiness. As for the literary judgments passed by Mr. Leask and Mr. Smeaton, they are very much the same as the verdicts passed by all competent critics in the past. Mr. Leask does well to quote as a specimen

* James Boswell. By D. Keith Leask. Tobias Smollett. By Oliphant Smeaton. Famous Scots Series. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Each, 75 cts.

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of Boswell's art at its best his admirable rendering of the interview between the two old Pembroke men, Johnson and Oliver Edwards, and to say that "No fool with a note-book, no tippling reporter, as the shallow critics say, could have written this." Mr. Smeaton may be allowed also to have grasped the true significance of Smollett's power as a realist when he says, "Smollett's genius was by no means of that purely imaginative, highly spiritual type from which great poetical conceptions are to be expected. He was rather an unsurpassed observer, who, having noted special characteristics of mind as being produced by the fortuitous concourse of certain incidents, straightway proceeded to expand and idealise them." In other words, Smollett was a second-rate Balzac. There are some evidences of hasty writing in both these volumes. Mr. Leask ought not to have put into the mouth of Horace Walpole one of the most famous sayings of Sydney Smith, or credited Mr. Gladstone instead of Mr. Disraeli with having proposed a Parliamentary vote of thanks to Lord Napier for having "planted the Standard of St. George upon the Mountains of Rasselas."

William Wallace.

MR. ANDREW LANG AND "THE BRONTËS: FACT AND FICTION."

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN:

SIRS: In discussing that part of my book, *The Brontës: Fact and Fiction*, which treats of Charlotte Brontë's relation to M. Héger, Mr. Andrew Lang says, "there can be only one reason for discussing that problem," and this, he hints, is the desire to pry into "the mechanism of genius." I am afraid that Mr. Lang has not read carefully the essay he criticises, and I may perhaps be allowed to point out to your readers that my purpose was not "to pry into" anything. I introduce the subject with these words:

> "Let me state at the outset that I think this subject should never have been publicly touched upon. . . . It was a secret which Charlotte kept hidden from her dearest friends in her lifetime. It does not, as I shall attempt to show, affect, though it confirms, our estimate of her character, and the knowledge of it is not necessary to the appreciation of her art. It should have been left alone."

I go on to point out, however, that it has not been left alone, but has been frequently discussed during the last twenty years; that lately the evidence in support of it has become to many minds irresistible; and that it is now hinted that the story, if true, is discreditable. My purpose, therefore, is quite different from that imputed by Mr. Lang; it is by substituting frank discussion of the subject for that "treatment by dark hints and significant nods" which has been hitherto accorded it to save the character of Charlotte Brontë from aspersion, and to show that she truly was *in any case* not only one of the most gifted, but one of the noblest of women. I repudiate with indignation the implied charge that I have written what could justly give offence to surviving friends. Indeed, so great is my admiration both for the character and genius of this great writer that I honestly believe few would be more pained by any attack upon her fame than I should.

Mr. Lang's correspondence with Dr. Wright in the *Academy* I did not see till after my book was printed. The doubts therein expressed are of a hesitating kind, and relate only to the first part of the Irish romance. On the other hand, his review in the *Illustrated London News* was enthusiastic, and so late as February of this year Dr. Wright speaks of himself as indebted to Mr. Andrew Lang "for valuable criticisms both public and private." Under these circumstances no ordinary weight attaches to Mr. Lang's acknowledgment that my book "confirms his doubts," and that "the origin of these legends seems to need exploration."

On one point Mr. Lang suggests a possible excuse for Dr. Wright, but this excuse is based on a misquotation, and as this affects the question under discussion I may be allowed to point it out. Mr. Lang's words are as follows:

> "When Hugh III. is made to say that his grandfather Hugh I. suffered somehow under George III., we may suspect a misprint. George I. must be intended if any George, and if so some anachronisms will disappear and some miracles with them."

But it was not Hugh III., but Hugh II. who in Dr. Wright's book *twice* makes the assertion alluded to. Now Hugh II. was fifteen years old when George III.

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ascended the throne, and he could never have spoken of events which occurred long before his birth as happening in that monarch's reign. This confirms the conclusion I had arrived at from other data—viz., that *Hugh II. cannot possibly have been the real author of the myths.* It needs some one much nearer our own time to confuse George III. with Queen Anne! I am, etc.,

Angus M. Mackay.

NOVEL NOTES.

MARGOT. By Sidney Pickering. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.00.

Those who enjoy a graphic sketch of Parisian *pension* life, with a "peekneek" to Versailles and plenty of gossip, with a maiden who exclaims, "Oh, why can't people let me alone!" and a young Englishman in quest of a rich French marriage, that he may rehabilitate his ancient manor, and a trio of innocently shady characters who are mixed up with the political intrigues of Russian refugees, will find this a sufficiently well-written story to merit their perusal. Every one visiting the *pension* had something on his mind, the disclosure of which is for the most part reserved till the romp-in at the finish. Esdale had come to Paris that he might learn something of Margot Lee, the illegitimate daughter of an English gentleman, whom he served as private secretary, and who was dying of an incurable disease. Miss Lee has been secretly and, as she did not know, illegally married to Count Ernroth, who was passing his days in Siberia in administrative exile. Olga Keller, who without the knowledge of the other had been Ernroth's mistress, indulged a spiteful hatred for Margot, although herself ignorant of the latter's relation to Ernroth, and placed under deep obligation to her by her kindness. Petroff, the Russian doctor who befriended Margot when she fled from Esdale's love (obviously for other reasons than that he had been sent to pry into her affairs), although bluntly saying, in answer to her query why he was so good to her: "Don't you know that you are one of those pretty, delicate little women who can extract chivalry even from an old bear?" likewise knew more than for a long time he was disposed to divulge; and if he did not from the first win Margot's confidence he would be put down by the reader as an arrant scoundrel. Indeed, all the minor characters are shrouded in mystery until, as in every-day life, we have formed various conflicting opinions of them, based on seeming inconsistencies of conduct. Margot herself, despite her fainting spells and yearnings for solitude, is free from suspicion, since she is manifestly a person of cultivation and fine moral sensibility. Saved from suicide and a threatened shooting, which with less adroit handling would savour of the police court calendar, at the moment of her disillusionment she is given by the good Samaritan Petroff into the arms of Esdale. The happy ending seems logical, and the melodramatic undercurrent of the tale does not obtrude. Margot's *penchant* for literary criticism, too, is kept within reasonable bounds for one who tramped to Montmartre to lay flowers on Heine's grave, and could repeat from memory "The Lady of Shalott." Several of the contemporaneous allusions, however, conspicuously that to May Yohe, seem inappropriate.

THE HISTORY OF THE LADY BETTY STAIR. By Molly Elliot Seawell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

Miss Seawell's little story of the Comte d'Artois's sojourn in Holyrood Palace in the year 1798 is an agreeable *soufflé* with just the slightest fruit flavour of history to enhance its bubbling sentiment and airy simplicity. Among the gentlemen and ladies in waiting to Marie Thérèse and the future Charles X. of France, four appear picturesquely in this novelette—Lady Betty, "one of the sweetest creatures that ever lived;" the Abbé de Ronceray, who had a wonderful and disastrous capacity for keeping secrets; the arrant scoundrel, Bastien, whom Lady Betty struck in the face with her green fan, threatening to report his kiss to the princess; and De Bourmont, who, when he was not yearning consumedly to join the Vendeans, "claimed sanctuary" from his creditors in the palace, and was on the verge of falling in love with two women at once. How Lady Betty gained the ascendency in De Bourmont's heart, and they were victimised and separated by the wiles of Bastien, we will let the reader find out for himself. Toward the end the scene shifts to Algeria, the lovers again meet on the battlefield, and an attempt is made to infuse more movement into what would otherwise merit the name of a sketch. Once, on the explosion of a shell at her feet, when she fell "bleeding from a dozen wounds," the heroine is in dire peril of extinction; but on the next page we read with a sigh of relief that after many months she is "quite well." Thus the coast is cleared for a happy, pathetic ending.

"Quite well" illustrates aptly Miss Seawell's most pronounced literary failing. So does the sentence "She and Angus openly kissed each other quite warmly at parting." She has a little way of understatement which produces the effect of self-consciousness. In this respect, however, *The History of the Lady Betty Stair* is a decided improvement on *The Sprightly Romance of Marsac*, and in every respect a more refined piece of work. Indeed, nothing can be urged against its selection of incidents or the texture of its descriptions; and it is instinct with an atmosphere of delicate feeling, such as few historical romances possess.

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A NORWAY SUMMER. By Laura D. Nichols. Boston: Roberts Brothers. $1.25.

Even a Loti or Hopkinson Smith finds it by no means easy to embody his observations of foreign lands in a story, the picturesque and the human interest are so sure to militate against each other. In the note-book of her Ellen, Miss Nichols has made a feeble and necessarily futile attempt to sketch Norwegian customs and scenery in conjunction with the inevitable love story. In the midst of a prosy itinerary of the guide-book order, which includes such diverting names as Hønefos, Røros, Tromsø, and Lake Mjøsen, Ellen and Sidney meet amorously on a pier, "she not knowing that he was holding both her hands." Such a manifest absurdity should startle the reader, but does not, since Ellen and Sidney are the merest puppets, used ineffectually to dole out colourless information about the author's summer in Norway. However, the photographic touches given to these paper dolls savour naïvely of New England villageousness. Ellen "had stood well in her classes," and finding that abroad everybody drank wine, "learned to touch her lips to her glass and take as little as possible," lest she violate the precepts of her childhood. The impressions she records, on the voyage and thereafter, are readable for a reason obviously not intended by the author. The volume is interleaved with photographs in half-tone which are of extraordinary interest.

THE EYE OF ISTAR. By William Le Queux. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.25.

Following in the wake of Mr. Rider Haggard and of Dr. W. Starbuck Mayo, whose *Kaloolah*, hingeing upon the discovery of a white tribe in the heart of Africa, was much read nearly a half century ago, but with conventionally modern properties and in the light of recent exploration, Mr. Le Queux has written a mazy, diverting tale, the slender plot of which is inflated by a vast amount of mighty palaver, which may easily be mistaken for what Mulvaney called "the power of the tongue." It is justly estimated as one part Midway Plaisance and two parts natural history and theosophy. It has, however, the saving grace of a contagious enthusiasm.

Zafar-Ben-A'Ziz, the dervish in "loose cotton unmentionables," whose love for Lalla Azala, the Princess of Sokoto, inspired him to unravel the Mystery of the Asps branded upon each of their bosoms, was himself one of the bodyguard of the Great Mahdi, Khalifa Abdullah of Omdurman. He met her most romantically. The sole survivor from a fight with the Tuaregs, or Veiled Men of the Desert, he awoke in the harem of the Sultan of Othman, whither, wounded and unconscious, he had been spirited by the princess dressed as a female slave. It is needless to say that he found rich solace there. Till he arrived, Azala's bejewelled breasts had been heaving and falling in many a long-drawn sigh, from fear that no one could be found to solve the riddle of the asps. Indeed, we are informed that unhappiness, like a cankerworm, ate into her heart. Zafar was just promising to go on an expedition to the Rock of the Great Sin, whence a cavernous path led to the Land of No Return, and consult Istar, Queen of Ea, concerning the asps, when a gigantic eunuch named Khazneh turned informant and caused his expulsion from the Sultan's domains. After many hairbreadth escapes he reached Omdurman, and, on telling the Khalifa of his exploits, was made the chief of his *mulazimin*. Thereupon, the Khalifa receiving an invitation to visit the Sultan, Zafar was enabled to combine business with pleasure and imprint some more passionate caresses [*sic*] on Azala's white, sequin-covered brow. Again discovered in the harem, he got away with the dwarf Tiana, and was permitted to pursue his theosophical researches in peace. How he emerged from the Forest of Perpetual Night and swam to the sinful rock in the Lake of the Accursed, and descended to the Kingdom of Myriad Mysteries, and read Assyrian tablets, and first served as the footstool and then as the beloved of Istar, who also had the mark of the asps, and, rather than lose him, eventually pressed a little live asp to her breast, like Cleopatra; and how he returned from the Land of No Return to put his prospective father-in-law on the track of a new conquest, the reader must decipher for himself. It strikes us that Zafar was something of a fool to tell the Queen of Ea about Azala. And we should by all means have named the story *The Foot of Istar*.

THE MAN OF THE FAMILY. By Christian Reid. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

"Oh, to be free from this intolerable slavery of debt!" exclaimed Madame Prévost of New Orleans, after an unsatisfactory interview with her landlord, the son of her father's overseer, who was not content with the interest and threatened to foreclose unless she arranged a *mariage de convenance* between the two families. "If he asks for the money, the end is come. We are ruined!" Thus does Mrs. Fisher provide a melodramatic portico for her unpoetical variant of the time-honoured Viola-Cesario incident. In the next chapter, happily, a package of papers, in the handwriting of a great-grandfather (or a "great-great-grandfather," as is subsequently stated), is found, labelled "Titles of Estates in Santo Domingo," and with it a full description of the spot where the money and jewels were buried. Rather than permit the barter of her sister Diane for the discharge of a debt, Yvonne, who had always supplied the masculine element in a family altogether feminine, put on boy's dress, and took the Clyde steamship from New York for Hayti. Then we are introduced to Herbert Atherton, a wealthy young man in ill-health, who was also booked for Hayti. Of course he met Yvonne masquerading under the name of Henri de Marsillac, and wondered what kind of a youngster this could be. As they neared their destination Henri "shrank from the unknown and difficult, now that they were close at hand." Till then their hands had never met, and Herbert noticed how slender and delicate Henri's were. They hobnobbed together for two weeks, and succeeded in unearthing not only a diamond necklace and $150,000 in coin, but a large quantity of gold-bearing quartz to boot. While treading the historic soil of Hayti on a certain occasion Henri imagined himself to be one of his ancestors, and that he was "handed into a carriage by a gentleman with a powdered wig." He also fainted, and was carried away insensible on witnessing a Vaudoux dance. But Herbert never "caught on." He only fancied that

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Henri's sister Diane must be very attractive, and asked for an introduction to her. In compensation for his friendly services he would accept only a ruby, the emblem and symbol of passion. The bags of gold, surrounded by quartz, passed through the custom-house unexamined. Then Henri tried to put himself out of the other's life. But Herbert visited New Orleans, and blundered about an unconscionable length of time identifying his friend. Yvonne was so fond of her masculine rig that she finally planned a tea-party, where she should be announced as M. de Marsillac, to Atherton's joy and the general scandalisation. Meanwhile Diane had found an Adrien who loved to serve her family without reward. The only remaining question was whether Atherton could "ever forget" that his Yvonne had masqueraded in mannish attire. "I can never wish to forget it!" he replied nobly.

The dialogue is rather stilted, and the characters evince their personality in the author's description of them rather than in speech and action.

THE STATUE IN THE AIR. By Caroline Eaton Le Conte. New York: The Macmillan Co. 75 cents.

The vision of a magical chasm, "prodigious," "tremendous," "cursed," "murderous," in which dwelt Troglodytes, the demon of cold and darkness, fell upon the soul of Heliophanes, who with his daughter Leanira and the divine Euphorion lived in Eucarpia; and with the vision was revealed the coming of a deliverer who should slay Troglodytes. The oracle was confirmed by words graven on a stone in the Cave of Love:

"When a prophet, the father of one daughter, has a vision, and when in accordance with his vision the hero steps to the pool, and plucks from its bosom the sacred flower, and the same day arrives in the palace a five-year-old child, the statue of Eros,—that very day Troglodytes is slain, and the chasm closed forever."

How all this came about, through the wondrous love of Euphorion for Leanira, amid the crash of thunderbolts and the surge of incandescent vapours and the swooping of harpies and the shrieks of Melanion, the vengeful son of a human mother by the omnivorous monster of the abyss, is the burden of this little phantasy, which, in a high and well-sustained key and a consistently grand style of locution, that rarely lapses into fine writing, deals with the old Greek fable of the conflict of sunlight and love with icy darkness and hate. The author has taken her cue from neither the cosmic myths of Plato nor those of Hesiod, but apparently from some Egyptian source, opposing Eros, son of Earth and Heaven, to one of the vasty Troglodytæ, cave-dwellers on the shores of the Red Sea. The story is of the kind which it is impossible to paraphrase without seeming travesty. To feel its full poetic beauty and dignity, one must read it at a single sitting, and submit graciously to its spell. It lures one away from the present age to the majestic isolation and otherworldliness of antiquity. It is of the texture from which used to be woven the libretti of grand opera, and from which, by a slight change of tone, it is easily possible for some flippant mind to construct a dreary mythological extravaganza of the *Nature* species. We hope that it will be spared such irreverent treatment, and that, above all, it will not come under the eyes of Mr. John Kendrick Bangs.

THE WAY OF FIRE. By Helen Blackmar Maxwell. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.

The readers of *The Bishop's Conversion*, one of the most notable and popular novels of its kind, will be glad to hear that the author's later book lies within the same environment. For India has a charm which invests any well-written story with fascination, and Mrs. Maxwell's new novel is more than well written. It is quiet work; there are no attempts at striking effects, no approaches to a dramatic crisis, yet the story appeals and the interest is uniform throughout. The subject can scarcely be called new—hardly as new as that of the author's first book. Many novelists have dealt with the unfortunate early marriage, in which the husband outgrows the wife, so that she comes to appear his social and intellectual inferior. We have all seen such sad cases, too, in real life, but without the interesting *dénouement* that Mrs. Maxwell works out through *The Way of Fire*. In real life the wife usually stays where she has stopped or goes back still farther. Domestic cares, child-bearing, natural limitations—many causes conspire to prevent her overtaking her freer and stronger mate in the race of life. In Mrs. Maxwell's story things are ordered more as they should be, were life less wrong than it is. The wife goes away, which is natural enough, since the husband is not usually clamorous for her presence under the circumstances. In England, under the direction of an elegant and intelligent woman, she begins to learn all that she should have learned before marriage. There have been many versions of the story, though it is not often so gracefully told as Mrs. Maxwell tells it, and the situation is complicated by the presence of a fine, noble-souled woman, who cares enough for the husband to befriend his wife, and through whose unselfish efforts their happiness is finally regained. The character drawing of the work is good as a whole, but the women are more distinct than the men.

A CHILD IN THE TEMPLE. By Frank Mathew. New York: John Lane. $1.50.

This was meant to be an exquisite little story. A good deal of it is exquisite as it stands. Mr. Mathew has a wayward imagination, a still more wayward sense of humour, and they served him well in that far too little appreciated book, *The Wood of the Brambles*. In this much slighter thing they have led him less happily. The child in the temple should have stopped there, or should have gone home in poverty to Ireland. He should have grown wise in the society of his dog, and with the tangled affairs of Kitty and Kilmorna and the others to unravel, for of course they would have come to him. But he should not have, even once, gone out into the world and used that revolver; he did not; the little braggart was lying to Mr. Mathew. He would have grown old and wise, grown into a kind of Charles Lamb, we imagine. He would certainly never have grown up. But that rowdy day at the end, with the anarchists, and the

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runaway peer and the repentant magdalen and the penitent nobleman, at the convent gate, and the "child" mixed up in it all, is a nightmare. And to dismiss the wise "child" at the end with an estate and a decent income is to treat him most undeservedly as a Philistine.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

TALKS ON THE STUDY OF LITERATURE. By Arlo Bates. New York and Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.

This volume, made up from a course of lectures delivered under the auspices of the Lowell Institute in 1895, is a further contribution to the literature that gathers about the discussion and criticism of literature *per se*. It goes on the principle: Once make a youth fall in love with a good book, and you open the door wide to a noble company and a goodly fellowship. A passage from the lecture on "The Study of Literature" will at once aptly indicate the author's aims and sympathies. "By the study of literature," he says, "can be meant nothing pedantic, nothing formal, nothing artificial. I should like to call the subject of these talks, 'Experiencing Literature,' if the verb could be received in the same sense as in the old-fashioned phrase 'experiencing religion.' That is what I mean. The study of literature is neither less nor more than experiencing literature—the taking it to heart and the getting to its heart." These talks are the more helpful and suggestive in their treatment, inasmuch as they do not confine themselves to the discussion of abstract theories concerning the study of literature. Concrete examples are cited and used as illustrations, the reader is brought into close and fond intimacy with "the classics," "new books and old," "fiction," "poetry;" and the living touch of an imagination that perceives the relation between literature and life vivifies and spiritualises the mind and heart to a warm and true appreciation of "the works of genius," which have ever "been the delight of mankind," according to Lowell. An index is provided—a provision too seldom furnished in books of this class.

NATURE'S DIARY. Compiled by Francis H. Allen. New York and Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

This is quite a unique book. Mr. Allen describes himself on the title-page as "a minstrel of the natural year," and his work may be further explained by a quotation from Thoreau as "a book of the seasons, each page of which should be written in its own season and out of doors, or in its own locality, wherever it may be." The original idea, which is carried out in this natural year-book, is "to have each selection fit its day as exactly as possible, avoiding all generalities," and to insure scientific accuracy and poetic value in doing so. Then on the right-hand page is given a calendar of the birds that arrive and the flowers that bloom on those dates, and blank space is left for the student or lover of nature to record his own notes and observations. So many new books have appeared recently with monotonous regularity on Nature in all her diverse forms of life, that it is a pleasure to single out *Nature's Diary* as a work of practical value and a book whose method is original and most attractive. Its attractiveness is further enhanced by a number of beautiful illustrations, evidently reproduced from photographic nature studies.

BESIDE OLD HEARTH-STONES. By Abram English Brown. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.50.

The promoter of the series "Footprints of the Patriots," and the author of *Beneath Old Rooftrees*, has written another work of Revolutionary and patriotic interest in *Beside Old Hearth-Stones*, which sustains the reputation the author has attained through his former volumes. In this series it is the author's purpose to bring to light some of the obscure movements of the early patriots, and his diligent researches have yielded a rich harvest of results in gleaning where others have already reaped. Especially is this the case with that outer circle of the battlefield of the opening Revolution, where the footprints of the minute-men have escaped the eye of the tourist. Not only is this work replete with historical lore and with the traditions and memories that have clustered thick beside old hearth-stones, its invaluable product is made more intelligent and fascinating by the numerous fine fac-similes of documents and autographs and pictures of persons and places. Throughout New England the book is sure to command a wide popularity, as it deals with so much of its family history, as well as with its organic growth as an important factor in the making of a nation. What so enthralling as the stories told by firelight on the hearth of the sturdy patriots from whose loins we have sprung to inherit the blessings of peace and prosperity which they sowed in the bloodshed of war and adversity!

NATURAL HISTORY. The Concise Knowledge Library. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.00.

This authorised edition of a most useful and indispensable work at a moderate price ought to be welcome. For ready reference, accuracy of statement, and handiness of form it is unexcelled. The authors are specialists in their own departments, and are distinguished as authorities and as original investigators. There are upwards of five hundred illustrations in the text, reproduced from original drawings made expressly for this work. A concise systematic index is furnished at the outset, while at the end we find a full alphabetical index containing about ten thousand references. The book is substantially bound; there are nearly eight hundred pages in it, yet it is not bulky, nor is the typography too fine for ordinary use. It is one of the popular household compendiums of scientific information which "no home should be without."

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THE LIFE AND WORK OF FREDERIC THOMAS GREENHALGE. By James Ernest Nesmith. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Governor Greenhalge, who died last year, during his second term, was a worthy successor of Russell and of the many remarkable men who have filled the chief magistrate's position in the venerable commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Though English born, Greenhalge's life was that of a typical American. In a refined though humble home in the city of Lowell, where his father was designer in a cotton print factory, he grew up from boyhood, receiving his education in the public schools. His subsequent course at Harvard was cut short by his father's death and the War of Secession. After a brief army experience he returned to Lowell to make his way in life by the practice of the law. His political career began with election to the office of Mayor of Lowell, and from that time to the end his political activity was constant. But though a strong partisan, as Governor he proved himself an able, conscientious, and impartial ruler, who could put duty above political considerations; a man whose character compelled respect from men of all political creeds.

The lessons of such a life are timely; for instance, its illustration of the relation which may exist between mental cultivation and political success is most wholesome. These lessons are brought to light fairly well in the work before us. But biographers seldom rise to their literary opportunities. It is apparently a happen so if the special and personal knowledge requisite to writing the story of a life is combined with genius; we have reason for thankfulness if it is mingledwith common sense. It is a pity that this fine volume should in its reading remind one so insistently of the "campaign life." Greenhalge was too large a man to have suffered by less ardent and more discriminating eulogy, and the usefulness of the biographer's work would have been increased by sparing his own rather obvious reflections and opinions upon familiar subjects. Yet in spite of these drawbacks the full and affectionate narrative of Mr. Nesmith is very interresting.

THE BOYHOOD OF FAMOUS AUTHORS. By William H. Rideing. Boston: T. Y. Crowell & Co. $1.25.

This is not a new book, but it is an old book of some ten years' standing, which is welcome in a new and attractive dress. Even in ten years the fashions have changed immensely in the outward appearance of books, and unless an old book keep abreast of the times, and adorn itself in the latest New Cut, it is liable to be shoved aside or passed by. How that story of Dickens moralising over the lions, that kept guard at some rich man's gates, having their chipped physiognomy and claws freshly bedizened and renewed with a coat of paint, gets around one's sensibilities! But Mr. Rideing's book in its new edition has something more to recommend it. New chapters have been added on Robert Louis Stevenson and Rudyard Kipling, and as some of the authors—to wit, Holmes, Lowell, Whittier, and Boyesen—have passed out of our ken since the book was originally published, its quondam title, *The Boyhood of Living Authors*, needed revision, since it misrepresented the author whom we have always believed to be a lover of the truth. Portraits and autographs in fac-simile have been added, and the type used is of a sort to best conserve the seeing power of a boy's eyes—and it is presumably a boy's book. Yet older readers will do well not to despise the seeming juvenility of its modest title, for under its guise they will find much not recorded elsewhere to interest and inform in the picturesque treatment vouchsafed to their accounts of the boyhood of famous authors, seventeen in all. At any rate, it is a good book to put into a boy's hands, and once it gets there, if other readers be like this one, it is likely to reach their hands also.

AMONG THE LIBRARIES.

The Library Department of the National Educational Association, which was organised at the conference of the National Educational Association at Buffalo last year, held its first meeting at Milwaukee in July. The part played by the library in our school system was discussed with much enthusiasm, and a committee was appointed to investigate this branch of library work.

The American librarians, and many who were not librarians, who attended the International Library Conference in England in July, have nearly all found their way home again after various wanderings in England and on the Continent. Of the five hundred people attending this conference about one hundred were Americans. Papers were read by Mr. C. A Cutter of the Forbes Library of Northampton, Mass.; by Mr. C. M. Ewings of the Hartford Public Library, by Mr. C. W. Andrews of the John Crerar Library in Chicago, by Mr. C. M. Crunden of St. Louis, by Mr. Thomas Brett of Detroit, and others. The Englishmen seem to have received their visitors with much hospitality, and many receptions and other social attentions were accorded to them during their trip to England. Representatives from Italy, Hungary, Belgium, Germany, France, Sweden, the British Colonies, and Japan were present. The British Museum and the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris seem to have been about the only libraries which called forth much admiration on the part of American visitors.

Mention may here be made of the meeting of the so-called Bibliographical Congress at Brussels held in August. This was a gathering of the amateurs and enthusiasts who are acting as the apostles of the decimal classification in Europe. Mr. Cutter of Northampton and Mr. W. S. Biscoe of the New York State Library attended this conference.

The library of Princeton University has been

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pushed forward most rapidly, and the structure, so far as it is to be built at present, is substantially completed. Much of the interior work is done, and the library has been moved into its new home.

At Manchester, Vt., the Mark Skinner Library, the gift of Mrs. Henry Willing of Chicago, was dedicated on July 7th. It is a very handsome building, and contains already over 10,000 volumes. It is intended that a special collection shall be made of works on local history.

The Public Library of Sturbridge, Mass., has been housed in the handsome little building known as the Joshua Hyde Public Library. The library has been in existence since 1842, and has been a public library since 1873. Mr. Joshua Hyde left $20,000 to the library, one half of which was to be used for books and one half toward the new building. At the opening, July 26th, addresses were made by Professor George H. Haynes and Mr. S. S. Green of the Worcester Public Library.

At the Leland-Stanford, Jr., University a course in bibliography, given by the assistant librarian, Mr. F. T. Teggart, has been introduced into the university curriculum.

The Iowa State University lost its library building by fire from lightning during the month of June. About 25,000 volumes, comprising the larger part of its collection, was destroyed. It would certainly be possible for the other universities and colleges of this country, from their duplicates and similar material, to give to the Iowa State University some help in making a new collection.

Mr. John Russell Young, President McKinley's appointee from Pennsylvania to the librarianship of the Congressional Library, has made great progress in organising the new staff of that institution. Mr. Spofford has become First Assistant Librarian. Mr. Bernard R. Green, who has been in charge of the construction of the Congressional Library, has been appointed Superintendent of the Library Building by President McKinley. Mr. Thorwald Solberg, who was formerly in the Law Department of the Library of Congress, but who for a number of years has been connected with the Boston Book Company, has been appointed Register of Copyright. Mr. Solberg is most familiar with the literature of copyright, and will doubtless be an efficient and capable manager of that important department, though much of his wide bibliographical knowledge may not be called into action in this position, which is essentially a business position. Mr. David Hutchinson, for many years Mr. Spofford's principal assistant, has been promoted to be Superintendent of the Reading Room. Mr. Thomas Alvord has been made chief of the Art Department, and various other positions of the library have been filled. Most of these appointees have still to show in their new positions their particular fitness; but they have the most ample opportunity in a library where practically everything is to be done.

The fact that so little interest has been manifested by the general literary and scholarly public in the choice of a Librarian and the organisation of the staff of the Congressional Library is a striking illustration of the unimportant part which the Library of Congress has played among libraries for the use of scholars. With the new building and the immense material opportunities at hand, the continuance of this condition will be inexcusable, and the present responsibilities of the Congressional Library and its management are infinitely increased. The public has a right to expect, and will demand, good things.

Perhaps the most important item in the library world at this writing is the completion of the new Columbia University Library Building and the transfer of the books and other material and the installation of the library with the university at its new site. The library was closed at the old site on June 15th, a careful inventory of the whole collection was made, and all unbound pamphlet and similar material was worked over. Delay in completing the shelving and other details hindered the beginning of the actual moving of the books until about September 1st. The collections, numbering some 240,000 volumes, together with all the pamphlets, have been quietly and successfully removed without disorder, and the Library has been reopened in the new building.

The growth of the Columbia University Library for the past year fell short of the average increase of recent years. Only 11,928 volumes were added; but a largely increased development is looked for in the new building. No. 1 of the "Publications of Columbia University Library" has just been issued. It is a *List of Books Chiefly on the Drama and Literary Criticism Ex Dono Amici Litterarum*, in 64 pages.

The Bryson Library, at the Teachers College, has received from Mr. and Mrs. Samuel P. Avery the gift of a library largely in literature, in memory of their daughter.

The town of Pepperell, Mass., has received, by the will of Mr. C. F. Lawrence, $100,000, to be devoted to a library and art museum. The sum of $50,000 is to be spent upon the building and $25,000 each to the library and the art gallery.

The new Free Public Library in Buffalo has recently been formally opened. This library, which has been a proprietary library, has been made free, and Mr. Henry L. Elmendorff, formerly of the Public Library at St. Joseph, Mo., has been made librarian after the resignation of Mr. J. A. Larned, who had for many years successfully conducted the institution.

The Harlem Library has been changed to a free circulating library. Mr. George M. Perry, who has been for the past two or three years its librarian, has received an appointment to the library of the General Theological Seminary.

Herr Harrassowitz, the well-known Leipzig antiquarian bookseller, has recently celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the foundation of his firm.

The philological part of the library of the late Professor Dr. von Bradke, Professor of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology at Giessen, comprising over one thousand volumes, has been willed to the University Library at Giessen.

The chemist Luginin has given to the University Library at Moscow his collection of works on chemistry, numbering 12,000 volumes, with a fund to provide for increase. The foundation of the new library building there was laid in July, and it is to cost about $400,000.

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The library contains some 500,000 volumes, according to European methods of counting.

In New York City the Webster Free Library is trying the experiment of adding a large number of Bohemian books to its collection. The library is situated on the East Side in a region frequented by Bohemians, and it is thought much good will come of the addition.

The Bodleian Library at Oxford broke its record in 1896 by adding the tremendous number of 59,379 volumes.

George H. Baker.

THE BOOK MART.

FOR BOOKREADERS, BOOKBUYERS, AND BOOKSELLERS.

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, October 1, 1897.

September is the great time of revival in the publishing business, and the month just past has been no exception. The publications have been almost innumerable and have included all classes of literature. While fiction has led in point of prominence, it has been equalled in numbers by both juvenile and general miscellaneous books.

In Kedar's Tents, by Henry Seton Merriman, has been the leading publication of the month, the publishers being unable to supply the demand. This has been followed by *St. Ives*, by Robert Louis Stevenson, and *The Eye of Istar*, by William Le Queux, while *From a Girl's Point of View*, by Lillian Bell, and *Salted with Fire*, by George Macdonald, have also sold readily.

Of the older novels, *Quo Vadis*, *The Choir Invisible*, *Soldiers of Fortune*, and *The Christian* have continued in great demand, and, together with *Jerome*, *Equality*, *The Chevalier d'Auriac*, and *The Honourable Peter Stirling*, have been the mainstay of the month's sales outside of text-books, which of course have sold largely.

In the month's output of general literature religious subjects have come to the fore with *The Apostolic Age*, by A. C. McGiffert; *Religions of Primitive People*, by D. G. Brinton, and *The Holy Land in Geography and History*, by Townsend MacCoun. Biographies still continue to be published in numbers, and have included a new edition of Vasari's *Lives of the Painters*, *Recollections of Aubrey de Vere*, and *Certain Accepted Heroes*, etc., by Henry Cabot Lodge.

Works of travel are noticeable, and among them are *Gleanings in Budda Fields*, by Lafcadio Hearn; *Picturesque Burma, Past and Present*, by Mrs. E. Hart, and *China and Formosa*, by James Johnston.

Juvenile books, as intimated above, are innumerable, and include every style and subject likely to be attractive to the young. Already *The Century Book of the American Revolution*, by E. S. Brooks, *Master Skylark*, by John Bennett, and the new Henty Books are in demand, while *The Knights of the Round Table*, by W. H. Frost; *Pacific Shores*, by Oliver Optic, and *The Young Mountaineers*, by Charles Egbert Craddock, are sure to be popular later on.

Educational subjects receive much attention at this time of year, and in addition to the school and college text-books, works on art, literature, science, etc., are in much demand. The books of the Chautauqua Scientific and Literary Circle are worthy of mention in this department.

Business has as usual increased with the autumn season. Library trade is reviving, the orders being mostly for the new and popular titles, although there are many purchases of books not bought by the average reader. Announcements of numerous publications, many to be by well-known authors, continue. Reports of revival of business are still frequent, and a general increase of sales over the last few years is predicted.

The popular books of the month, in their order of sale, show but few changes from last month.

Quo Vadis. By Henry Sienkiewicz. $2.00.
The Choir Invisible. By James Lane Allen. $1.50.
The Christian. By Hall Caine. $1.50.
Soldiers of Fortune. By Richard Harding Davis. $1.50.
In Kedar's Tents. By Henry Seton Merriman. $1.25.
Equality. By Edward Bellamy. $1.50.
Jerome. By Mary E. Wilkins. $1.50.
The Honourable Peter Stirling. By P. L. Ford. $1.50.
The Chevalier d'Auriac. By S. Levett Yeats. $1.25.
The Descendant. $1.25.
The Sowers. By Henry Seton Merriman. $1.50.
The Old Gentleman of the Black Stock. By Thomas Nelson Page. 75 cents.
Trix and Trixy. By John Habberton. 50 cents.
Three Partners. By Bret Harte. $1.25.
A Colonial Free Lance. By Chauncey C. Hotchkiss. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.00
An Open-eyed Conspiracy. By W. D. Howells. $1.00.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, October 1, 1897.

Western booksellers are usually to be found in a good humour nowadays, for business is lively, and the tendency is toward still further improvement. Wholesale trade is good, buyers

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being liberal in their holiday purchases, and even their orders for books for current business show more confidence as regards expectation of trade than has been the case for a long time. The demand is general in its character, and all classes of books are going well, especially popular fiction and the newer lines of twelvemos, sixteenmos, and poets. The month's sales average well, and compare more than favourably with the corresponding period last year, which was, however, much below the average. Reasoning from the present outlook, it would seem that, provided nothing calamitous overtakes the country, the present improvement will continue, and the prospects for an exceptionally good holiday trade are therefore very bright indeed.

Two new books of Western life and character were remarkably successful in their sales last month. These were *Wolfville*, by A. H. Lewis, and *The Story of the Cowboy*, by E. Hough, both being the subject of frequent call.

The local demand for *Under the Red Robe* is being stimulated considerably by the performance here of the play of that name.

The Christian is still being more frequently called for than any other book, and its sale last month was a heavy one. The work has caused considerable comment in Western newspapers, and to this gratuitous advertising a portion of the demand may be attributed.

The call for Klondike books is falling off in proportion to the subsidence of the excitement, but will probably open up again when the expected rush to that region takes place in the spring.

Two good reference books for the trade and literary people generally appeared last month—viz., *A Subject Index to Prose Fiction*, by Zella Allen Dixson, and *A Dictionary of American Authors*, by Oscar Fay Adams. These should find a place on every bookman's desk.

Quite a number of excellent juveniles were received last month, the most prominent being *The Big Horn Treasure*, by John F. Cargill; *The Century Book of the American Revolution*, by Elbridge S. Brooks; *A March on London*, *With Frederick the Great*, and *With Moore at Corunna*, by G. R. Henty.

A demand for good grades of books is quite a prominent feature of this season, and a decided reaction seems to have set in against the very cheap and worthless stuff which has flooded the market of late years. No one objects to cheap books, of course, provided they are fairly well made; but it is being felt by everybody, from the manufacturer to the retail dealer, that the exceedingly cheap trash serves no good purpose, demoralises the market, and interferes with the sale of better grades. Good work is being done in this direction by prominent librarians in different parts of the country, who are outspoken in their denunciation of poorly made books.

Last month's publications make a big list, and the most successful up to the time of writing were *In Kedar's Tents*, by H. S. Merriman; *Wayfaring Men*, by Edna Lyall; *Three Partners*, by Bret Harte; *Queen of the Jesters*, by Max Pemberton; *Salted with Fire*, by George Macdonald; *From a Girl's Point of View*, by Lilian Bell, and *The Campaign of Marengo*, by H. S. Sargent.

The new edition of the Burnett juveniles is to be commended. Although now issued at a cheaper price, they are handier, handsomer, and better in every way than before.

Soldiers of Fortune, *The Christian*, *The Choir Invisible*, *Quo Vadis*, and *Equality* have led sales so long that having to mention them in this report is becoming a trifle monotonous.

The following were the best sellers last month, the sales of the ten leaders being exceptionally large:

The Christian. By Hall Caine. $1.50.
The Choir Invisible. By James Lane Allen. $1.50.
Quo Vadis. By H. Z. Sienkiewicz. $2.00.
Soldiers of Fortune. By R. H. Davis. $1.50.
Equality. By E. Bellamy. $1.25.
Jerome. By Mary E. Wilkins. $1.50.
The Law of Psychic Phenomena. By Thomson J. Hudson. $1.50.
From a Girl's Point of View. By Lilian Bell. $1.25.
The Hon. Peter Stirling. By P. L. Ford. $1.50.
The Pursuit of the House-Boat. By J. K. Bangs. $1.25.
The Martian. By G. Du Maurier. $1.75.
A Rose of Yesterday. By F. Marion Crawford. $1.25.
In Maiden Meditation. By E. V. A. $1.00.
Under the Red Robe. By Stanley J. Weyman. $1.25.
Wolfville. By A. H. Lewis. $1.50.
Trix and Trixy. By John Habberton. 50 cents.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, August 23 to September 18, 1897.

Since writing the last report matters have improved considerably. A good autumn trade has set in, and there appears to be every indication of a busy season, for which all concerned will be devoutly grateful and appreciatively happy. Business with the colonies and foreign trade generally has shown no falling off, the Indian market being especially active, and the whole state of affairs fairly satisfactory.

There has been a good demand for all classes of school publications, and the educational publishers are to be congratulated on the exactness with which they meet the requirements of the varied wants of their patrons.

The sale of Meiklejohn's *History* and *Geography*, with the other books of the series, stamps them as the leading books on English subjects.

As may readily be surmised, Hall Caine's *The Christian* is the leading 6s. novel, and a very large edition has already been disposed of. *The Martian*, by Du Maurier, has been well received, but it was scarcely to be expected that it would prove to be a second *Trilby* as far as the sales were concerned.

Prince Ranjitsinhji's *Jubilee Book of Cricket* is still enjoying a remarkable sale.

The interest at present centring on events in

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India has led to much attention being paid to works bearing upon the vast peninsula. General Lord Roberts's *Forty-one Years in India* seems to have taken a fresh lease of life.

Sir Walter Scott's Waverley Novels continue to maintain their hold upon the public. Three new editions are in preparation, and are being inquired for.

The publishing season promises to be a very prolific one, and thus far the output of new books has exceeded in number that of any previous year. About two hundred new books and new editions were issued during the week ending September 18th. Buying for stock is thus made a more difficult matter each succeeding year.

Juvenile books are more beautifully produced than ever, the best artists being employed in drawing the illustrations. Those with coloured pictures are in great force. What a pity that the latter class of work is not done in England!

As previously stated, the large illustrated books—table books they were called—are almost extinct.

There are no changes in the magazine department, and the noticeable feature is the enormous quantity disposed of each month.

The list of new books which follows is the result of the usual careful inquiries made on the spot. It will be noticed that many of them have appeared in previous lists, which seems to point to a somewhat more permanent demand than is the rule nowadays. Mrs. Steel's *On the Face of the Waters* and *The Sign of the Cross* are the most noticeable instances.

The Christian. By Hall Caine. 6s.
The Martian. By G. Du Maurier. 6s.
The Actor's Art. 6s.
Soldiers of Fortune. By R. H. Davis. 6s.
The Sign of the Cross. By W. Barrett. 6s.
On the Face of the Waters. By F. A. Steel. 6s.
The Potter's Thumb. By F. A. Steel. 6s.
The Octave of Claudius. By B. Pain. 6s.
The Old, Old Story. By R. N. Carey. 6s.
French Literature. By E. Dowden. 6s.
The Massarenes. By Ouida. 6s.
The Larramys. By G. Ford. 6s.
The Jubilee Book of Cricket. By K. S. Ranjitsinhji. 6s.
The Invisible Man. By H. G. Wells. 3s 6d.
Good Mrs. Hypocrite. By Rita. 3s. 6d.
The Skipper's Wooing. By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d.
Many Cargoes. By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d.
The Rejuvenation of Miss Semaphore. By H. Godfrey. 3s. 6d.
Meiklejohn's History (4s. 6d.) and Geography (4s. 6d.).
Private Life of Queen Victoria. 2s. 6d.
Liza of Lambeth. By W. T. Maugham. 3s. 6d.
Strength. By E. Sandow. 2s. 6d.
Beauties of Marie Corelli. 2s. 6d. net.
Odd. By the Author of "Probable Sons." 2s.
Mrs. Wood's Novels. 2s. editions.
Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. 4s. 6d. net.
Forty-one Years in India. By General Roberts. 36s.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between September 1, 1897, and October 1, 1897.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. A Son of the Old Dominion. By Harrison. $1.50. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
3. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Voices of Doubt and Trust. By Streamer. $1.25. (Brentano.)
5. In Kedar's Tents. By Merriman. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. Diomed. By Wise. $2.00. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Jerome. By Wilkins. $1.50. (Harper.)
6. The Martian. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. The Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)
3. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. With Edged Tools. By Merriman. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
2. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. A Son of the Old Dominion. By Harrison. $1.50. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
4. Farthest North. By Nansen. $10.00. (Harper.)
5. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
6. Miss Archer Archer. By Burnham. $1.25. (Houghton.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)

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3. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. Jerome. By Wilkins. $1.50. (Harper.)
5. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
6. The Massarenes. By Ouida. $1.25. (Fenno.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
2. Jerome. By Wilkins. $1.50. (Harper.)
3. From a Girl's Point of View. By Bell. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
6. Trix and Trixy. By Habberton. 50 cts. (Altemus

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
2. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Law of Psychic Phenomena. By Hudson. $1.50 (McClurg.)
6. Equality. By Bellamy. $1.25. (Appleton.)

CINCINNATI, O.

1. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
5. The Sowers. By Merriman. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. Equality. By Bellamy. $1.25. (Appleton.)

CLEVELAND, O.

1. Jerome. By Wilkins. $1.50. (Harper.)
2. The Grey Lady. By Merriman. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Equality. By Bellamy. $1.25. (Appleton.)
5. A Flag for Cuba. By Kirchner. $1.00. (Mershon Co.)
6. From a Girl's Point of View. By Bell. $1.25. (Harper.)

DETROIT, MICH.

1. The Christian By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
2. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. Equality. By Bellamy. $1.25. (Appleton.)
6. Jerome. By Wilkins. $1.25. (Harper.)

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Equality. By Bellamy. $1.25. (Appleton.)
2. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. An Army Mule. By Castle. $1.25. (Bowen Merrill.)
4. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Jerome. By Wilkins. $1.50. (Harper.)
6. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Chevalier d'Auriac. By Yeats. $1.25. (Longmans.)
3. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. Wolfville. By Lewis. $1.50. (Stokes.)
6. Equality. By Bellamy. $1.25. (Appleton.)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. The Martian. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
5. Pursuit of the House-Boat. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. Equality. By Bellamy. $1.25. (Appleton.)

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. The Great K. & A. Train Robbery. By Ford. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. The Martian. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
6. Jessamy Bride. By Moore. $1.50. (Herbert Stone.)

MONTREAL, CANADA.

1. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)

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2. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Pursuit of the House-Boat. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. Farthest North. By Nansen. $10.00. (Harper.)
5. Relics of Primeval Life. By Dawson. $1.50. (Revell.)
6. Equality. By Bellamy. $1.25. (Appleton.)

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
2. Jerome. By Wilkins. $1.50. (Harper.)
3. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
6. English Lands, Letters and Kings. Vol. IV. By Mitchell. $1.50. (Scribner.)

OMAHA, NEB.

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The Isle that is Called Patmos, by William Edgar Geil.

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Report of the Commissioner of Education, Vol. I., 1895–96.

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